

Tommyinnit's Guide to Inciting Chaos

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Tommyinnit's Guide to Inciting Chaos

by [crybabysapphic](#)

Summary

But none of the heroes seemed focused on the words that had exited the villain's mouth but rather the voice which had spoken to them. Guilt heavily adorning the face of the Crow Father and Tommy had to bottle a bitter laugh.

Technoblade was the first to react, his voice barely above a whisper, raw with emotion as he uttered a single word; "Theseus?"

The villain reached up towards the bandana and hood that obscured his face, hid his identity, and ripped them down, "Boo."

Or,

Phil, Techno and Wilbur are top ranking heroes, everyone admires them and everyone looks up to them, but the surfacing of a new villain whose only wish is to incite chaos cause the heroes to face a part of their past that they wanted to keep buried.

Or or,

In which Tommy is a 'villain' and SBI are the 'heroes' who are supposed to take him down

- Inspired by [Restricted Work] by [eneliii](#)

No one gets hurt (not physically at least)

Chapter Summary

We all pretend to be the heroes on the good side

Short first chapter just to get some things running into motion and to set the scene, I hope you enjoy!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommyinnit liked to consider himself a villain but at most he was perhaps a minor inconvenience, allowed to tag along because Dream had said that he was scrawny and nimble; he could get into small places easily and was good at stealing things plus he followed a similar belief to Dream for inciting chaos. The teenager had a talent for snatching things off of innocent bystanders. He hadn't been anything more than a petty thief until The Dream Team had found him.

This, however, was his big break. He was running, taking two steps at a time, to the top of the hero agency building which had been too easy to break into, seriously they needed to update their security. The crown of Technoblade grasped tightly between his grubby hands, he held the item as if it was a lifeline as he heard the thundering footsteps of the top heroes chasing after him. He knew that the heroes had recognised him, or rather that they had recognised that he was the kid who tailed The Dream Team and had been stealing small nick-nacks from each of the heroes each time they'd had an encounter, he was also pretty sure the heroes were growing tired of him stealing their belongings, which is what he wanted.

His earpiece was crackling in his ear, the occasional buzz of his companions orchestrating their part of the plan, nothing directed towards him yet and although the static was rather distracting Tommy wasn't going to let it cause him to mess up, he'd been waiting for their chance for too long. Dream had been a little concerned when the teenager had proposed the plan to them but after some convincing George and Sapnap the masked villain's thirst for chaos won out.

His legs were growing rather tired from running and he had to bite his tongue to stop himself from throwing insults back at the heroes who were failing rather miserably at catching him.

Wilbur was panting heavily as he shouted towards the wannabe villain, “Look, if you want an autograph I promise you that this isn’t the way to do it.” Tommy had to forcefully swallow down a bitter remark at that statement, did the hero really live that far up his own arse?

He tossed open the doors to the roof and with the remaining stamina he sprinted to the edge of the rooftop, twirling the crown of Technoblade on his finger, dangling it over the side of the roof as the three heroes; Crow Father, Harmony (although he’d accidentally gotten his name leaked during a press conference by new rising hero Tubbo so nobody referred to him by his hero name anymore) and Technoblade came skidding to a stop.

“I’d rather not fight a child,” Techno commented gruffly, meaning his words to ring as a threat but Tommy simply rolled his eyes in response, “And I’d also rather not clean up your body from the pavement.”

All that did was cause Tommy to elegantly flip them off and lean back to dangle the crown even further off the edge, mimicking dropping the item only to catch it in his other hand with a snicker as he watched Crow Father’s face twist into a frown. That only caused him to debate actually throwing the crown off the roof, curious if the top hero would unfold his wings and dive after the crown before it hit the ground and shattered.

“C’mon, kid, just hand the crown over, okay?” Crow Father spoke gently, trying to coax the teenager away from the edge of the roof, his eyes momentarily flickering to Tommy’s feet which balanced right on the edge. One wrong step and he’d be falling.

He could almost hear the heartbeat of the heroes filling his ears, drowning out the sound of the busy street below. He was pretty sure that this show had accumulated quite the crowd.

Wilbur held his arms up in defence, although Tommy couldn’t be certain that the hero wasn’t reaching for his guitar, “Why are you with The Dream Team anyway, kid?” He was trying his best to keep his voice sounding gentle, a complete tone shift from earlier, “We’re the good guys, we’re the heroes and if you give us the crown back then I promise you that nobody has to get hurt.” Technoblade made a huffing noise which made it clear he wasn’t the most onboard with this plan. Crow Father, however, was nodding approvingly towards his son.

“Did they threaten to hurt you? We can take you home to your family and you’ll never have to see any of them again, I promise,” Crow Father coaxed gently, “Just back away from the edge, mate.”

They had the complete opposite end of the spectrum and Tommy, quite frankly, was getting a little pissed off with them constantly referring to him as a kid too.

And finally he got his break, the static rhythmic tones of Dream’s voice crackled out of his earpiece; *Whenever you’re ready, Toms*. They were tuned in, waiting for his signal now, the green bandana that obscured his face hiding the smirk which was curving onto his lips.

He tossed the crown at their feet, Technoblade scooping it up and placing it in its rightful place atop his pink curls. Crow Father and Wilbur both smile approvingly at the teenager, trying to usher him forward, towards them and it would be so easy to just accept the hero’s offer. But this was his big day, he’d been preparing for this and so far everything was running as smoothly as he could expect and he wasn’t about to throw that away. He could practically hear his villain companions holding their breaths through his earpiece, awaiting Tommy’s signal.

The teenager threw his arms out and allowed himself to fall. The heroes footsteps stampeding to the edge of the roof expecting to see a splatter on the ground, the remains of the wannabe villain but instead, well, it was awkward, The three heroes who stood on the rooftop memorised as Tommy slowly fell to the ground, his burgundy wings flapping behind him but not really doing a whole lot to help him on his descendant.

Confusion overtaking all three of their faces, even Techno was emoting, and Tommy couldn’t contain his laughter at the dumb looks on their faces. His middle finger protruded once again. “Y’know, you really oughta keep a better eye on your staff,” He winked.

That was their signal and he heard the noise of acknowledgement come from the otherside of his earpiece.

But none of the heroes seemed focused on the words that had exited the villain’s mouth but rather the voice which had spoken to them. Guilt heavily adorning the face of the Crow Father and Tommy had to bottle a bitter laugh, he watched all of their faces mirror each other.

Technoblade was the first to react, his voice barely above a whisper, raw with emotion as he uttered a single word; "Theseus?"

The villain reached up towards the bandana and hood that obscured his face, hid his identity, and ripped them down, "Boo."

Staring back at the heroes was a face that they knew all too well, icy blue eyes wrinkled up with mischievous intent paired with a bitterness that couldn't be masked. Blond curls which had grown much longer since the last time they'd seen him, messy and Wilbur wanted nothing more than to brush it back out of his face but he doubted that the villain would even let the heroes near him.

"I'd get off that fuckin' roof if I were you," Tommy added, a knowing smirk forming on his lips as the tell-tale sound of explosions boomed from below, directly through the heroes agency building, "It's time to incite chaos." He added, he hated Dream's stupid slogan but he had promised to say it and he knew that the villain was still listening through the earpiece, as he finally landed on the ground.

Tommy didn't bother sticking around after that comment, he knew that they'd be fine, they always were. He pulled his hood back up and slipped into the crowd which had gathered due to the sheer noise and scale of the explosion, miraculously nobody seemed hurt, perhaps scared but nobody was hurt and the teenager could count that as a win for them.

"Where are you?" He asked, not bothering to lower his voice as the volume of the screaming citizens was enough to cover him, he heard the familiar crackle of a response but he couldn't actually hear the answer which caused Tommy to almost have a heart attack as he felt a hand land on his shoulder, his head whipping around to see Sapnap - who was dressed in a guard uniform - standing behind him. Tommy flipped him off in response but he wasn't getting away with that as the blaze hybrid pulled him into a tight hug, muttering something that Tommy couldn't hear over the screams.

He was guided under the cover of Sapnap's arm, keeping him hidden in-case any of the citizens surrounding were bystanders from his little show with Crow Father, Wilbur and

Technoblade or in-case the heroes themselves chose to pursue him. Not that the teenager expected for the heroes to follow after him, they had a job to do after all. But he was still grateful for the cover regardless as Sapnap led them to their get-away vehicle

“He said my slogan!” Dream cooed as he pulled Tommy into the security of their get-away vehicle, which was literally a caravan, and into his arms, ruffling the teenager’s hair causing Tommy to try and duck away from the affection. *Yes, The Dream Team totally threatened to hurt me*, The villain thought back to Crow Father’s assumption and almost laughed out loud, truthfully he didn’t think anyone in The Dream Team was capable of hurting him. He saw the dopey grin on Sapnap’s face as he watched the exchange and there was a small smile threatening to pull on George’s lips too as he tapped away at his computer, shutting it down for the night.

“Get off me, you fuckin’ bitch,” Tommy whined but he wasn’t really trying all that hard to get out of the grasp, “Did you manage to get everyone out okay?” He asked Sapnap, deciding to ignore Dream, or at least trying to ignore Dream.

Sapnap nodded, “Told them there was a gas leak and got everyone out of the building before George set the explosives off.” They may be villains and they may be pushing for chaos but that didn’t mean they wanted people to get hurt, not physically anyway, that was their first rule for inciting chaos; nobody gets hurt unless they deserved it, of course.

George spun around in his chair, “It all went according to plan then?” He had a mischievous glint dancing behind his eyes, a grin forming onto his face which only widened as Tommy nodded,

“You should’ve seen the look on their faces, I thought they were all going to shit their pants,” He cackled, “Your timing couldn’t have been any better!”

“And your wings didn’t slow you down too much, did they?” Dream asked carefully, Tommy rolled his eyes and let out an exasperated sigh, pushing the masked villain off of him,

“They always slow me down, that’s kind of the whole point, dumbass.”

“You know what I mean.”

Tommy groaned, “No, it was fine, I said the timing was perfect, didn’t I?” But there wasn’t any real bite behind his words, the teenager was more tired out than anything else, he crawled over the sofa to where Sapnap was sitting and curled into the blaze hybrid’s side deciding to use him as his own personal heater.

The blaze hybrid smirked at Dream, not saying a word but he didn’t have to, holding back a laugh as the masked villain turned to George and pouted who simply shrugged. “We know who’s the favourite,” George teased.

“You can’t go sulking to George either,” Sapnap said in a sing-song tone, “It’s your turn to drive us the fuck out of here.”

Dream murmured something under his breath and Tommy made a mental note to use those creative swears that he was hearing but ultimately the masked villain knew that they did need to leave, the heroes would be hot on their tail soon enough especially after Tommy’s little spectacle and they couldn’t afford being caught off guard.

For now they would head back to the base and prepare their next move. Tommy fell asleep next to Sapnap as the blaze hybrid engaged in a conversation with George, Dream driving them home.

Chapter End Notes

Hello!!

I hope you enjoyed this first chapter, I am aware it is short but I promise you that it is just to set the tone for the rest of the story, we start with the reveal but there will be more things revealed throughout, I hope you will stick with me through this! Also credit to eneli whose vig!Tommy inspired this idea and the title

Feel free to drop if you have any theories or anything down below! I love to see what people are thinking!

Any kudos, comment, bookmark or even just you reading is deeply appreciated!

Until Next Time

:]

You look after your own

Chapter Summary

But what if we're the villains on the other

Mostly fluffy DT chapter with a glimpse into how Tommy and Dream first met

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream hummed quietly to himself as he drove the caravan, traffic was pretty bad but he assumed that they were probably somewhat to blame for that considering they exploded the hero agency. During a red light the masked villain decided to chance a glance over his shoulder, a fond smile pulling at his lips as he saw Tommy and Sapnap both fast asleep, the avian curled into the blaze hybrid's side as Sapnap hadn't the heart to move him.

George must have noticed Dream glancing back at them as he heard soft footsteps against the plush carpet getting closer and closer until the burnet plopped himself down into the seat next to the driver. "Hey," He greeted, deliberately keeping his voice down so as to not wake the sleeping passengers.

"Hey," Dream greeted back, the fond smile only widened, hidden beneath his porcelain mask but he hoped the one imprinted on his mask would do the trick.

"Sapnap snores, did you know that?" George giggled and now that he'd pointed it out Dream could tune into the noise of his best friend snoring, a new one coming after every beat of ten. If he hadn't been driving then the masked villain would have reached over and pushed George out of his seat for pointing out the noise because now he couldn't tune it out and he was distracting, he had half a mind to force the burnet to drive but George couldn't drive and he didn't exactly fancy the idea of getting caught because his best friend didn't have a driving license.

The light flicked to green and Dream began to drive again, trying his hardest to focus on the road and now Sapnap's beastly snores, how was Tommy sleeping so soundly nuzzled into that?

“I’m glad things went smoothly today,” George, finally, voiced. He hadn’t exactly hidden the fact that he was nervous about something going wrong with the explosions that Dream and Sapnap had rigged throughout the agency but Dream had a feeling that wasn’t exactly what George was talking about.

He didn’t exactly want to back his friend into a corner to answer, especially when he wasn’t completely sure that he wasn’t misreading the situation, so he decided to gently push and see if George would answer, “Did you think it wouldn’t?”

And George seemed to realise that Dream was pushing him too, a small smile formed on his lips, “No, no, we test-ran the explosives, remember?” So he was right, there was more to it than that, “I didn’t know how Tommy was going to react today, I was worried we’d- that he’d-“ He struggled to try and voice exactly what he was thinking, even at the best of times the burnet wasn’t always the best at voicing and understanding his own emotions but Dream understood what he meant.

Another red light and he grasps George’s hand if only for a moment, if only to portray his understanding. The Dream Team had all grown rather attached to their avian wannabe villain.

Dream would be lying if ever claimed that he’d known exactly what he was getting into when he’d picked Tommy up off the street, when the teenager had finally allowed him to do so that is, but at the very least there was never a dull moment. The teenager was bursting with life and energy, it was infectious and all of them had been infected by it.

He couldn’t understand how Crow Father, Harmony and Technoblade had been able to give that up. Perhaps that was why his more recent attacks had a stench of bitterness attached to them. How the thievery had gotten more petty.

“I never thought we would end up like this,” Dream mused, more to himself than to the burnet sitting next to him but nevertheless George heard him and chuckled lightly, a teasing tone lingering behind his voice as he spoke; “Villains?”

The masked villain shook his head, the reminiscent smile that curled his lips hidden by the mask but he knew that George didn't need to see his face to know it was there, "Nah, I always knew that, what I mean is family."

And he didn't, when he'd picked Tommy up, he hadn't expected to grow so attached. He hadn't expected that one thief, that wannabe hero, to mean so much to all of them because Tommy hadn't always wanted to be a villain, once upon a time he'd actually wanted to be a hero, a childhood fantasy that he'd grown out of.

A fantasy that he'd grown out of when he met Dream.

Dream swung his axe over his back, a satisfied smirk plastered to his face as he heard the tell-tale screams of citizens advising him that he'd done his job correctly, chaos was inciting and bubbling along the streets. The man-hunts were when the villain had the most fun, using the streets as his own personal playground, inspiring violence and confusion amongst the people. He was well deserving of a break, he told himself, Sapnap and George wouldn't find him for a while so he had taken to a casual walk, his hood pulled up to try and hide the mask from clear sight. He was just starting to make a name for himself and his mask was his signature, it would be too easily identified.

As he slipped between the chaos, the screams and confusion music to his ears, he felt a sharp tug on the item strapped to his back. Whipping his head around, Dream lifted his hand ready to deal with whoever the ender was annoying him by trying to steal his axe, although he had to admit they had guts.

Immediately he dropped his hand as staring back at him wide eyed was a teenager, Dream suspected he couldn't be any older than fifteen, but what made the masked villain hesitate and guilt ebb away at his insides was the fading bruise which decorated the teen's cheek. His entire mouth went dry, he didn't know how he was supposed to react in this situation, the teenager literally looked like him only with blue eyes instead of green.

However, it seemed as if that uncertainty was going to be forcefully silenced for him as he watched the teenager's eyes light up and shine with a determination unlike any Dream had ever seen before, he might have even been inspired if it hadn't been targeted towards him. The

teenager clearly recognised him and the grubby notebook tucked under his arm read in scratchy, almost illegible, writing; Hero Notes!!

It appeared as if this teenager was a fanatic and that spelt trouble for Dream but he didn't want to hurt the teenager either by wriggling the axe out of his tight grip, that risked him slicing into his fingers.

"You're Dream, right?" He asked, tilting his head to the side, the same determination still sparking behind his eyes.

And what could the masked villain do? He couldn't exactly lie, the teenager already knew. A frown formed on his lips but he managed to nod in response.

It was like he watched something within the teenager click and a wide grin spread across his lips matching the intensity of his sparks, "So, if I were hypothetically, of course, capture you and bring you in would that win me the favour of the top heroes, do you think?"

Was he really that bad of a fanatic? Dream would later learn that it ran a lot deeper than that but at the time, how was he supposed to know, he presumed this teenager to simply be another hero fan who wanted to be a hero, oh and a thief considered he'd been pretty happy to try and steal his axe even when he hadn't known that Dream was a villain. The kid had used the chaos to his advantage to try and steal undetected, Dream had to admit he was a little impressed.

The teenager used his grip on the axe to try and pull the villain closer to him, however, Dream was stronger and he had the upper-hand against the clearly underfed blond.

Yet the villain was still cautious not to hurt the teenager, managing to pry his weapon from his hands and sprinting as fast as his legs could carry him.

What Dream hadn't expected was for the teenager to take after him, he was faster than the average human not by a lot but it was noticeable and Dream let out a whoop of laughter, he had to admit having someone else chase after him was a rush. That determination never left

as Dream regrouped with his fellow villains who were about to parade in victory for capturing Dream during the manhunt when they noticed the teen who was hot on his tail.

However with three of them escape was easy, giving the teenager the slip, but Dream had become intrigued.

Sapnap's obnoxious snoring was driving Dream up the wall, he was half tempted to slam on the brakes off the caravan when he finally found a parking space near their base but he didn't want to deal with a grumpy Tommy and he knew that is exactly what would happen if he brought the vehicle to an abrupt stop. He was definitely waking the blaze hybrid up though, he was not going to carry him back to their base a second time.

George seemed to already be one step ahead of the masked villain though as he had removed himself from the passenger seat next to Dream and had sauntered through to where Sapnap and Tommy were asleep, taking a second out of his plan to coo at the sight and even snap a picture with his phone to wind the avian up with later knowing that Tommy always tried to stifle out any claims that he was cuddly, before cupping his hands over his mouth and yelling directly into the blaze hybrid's ear.

Within seconds the blaze hybrid was awake and on the floor, disoriented from suddenly being woken up he lit his hands up, orange flames dancing in the palms of his hands. "Not in the car, Sap," Dream shouted over his shoulder, no longer bothering to keep his voice down because if Tommy could sleep through that then he believed that he could sleep through his voice being raised a few octaves higher.

"This isn't a car," The blaze hybrid fired back, sticking his tongue out at the driver. Dream glanced over to give George a pleading look to get his friend to jump in and defend him but the burnet simply flashed him a look that told Dream that he was on his own. Well that just wasn't fair. He parked the caravan up safely in the found spot and let out a groan as he stretched, his bones popping as he did so.

Sapnap's flames, however, did settle down as he realised there was no incoming threat and instead it was simply his best friends messing with him. He denied any claims that he'd been

snoring, saying that they simply must be imagining things, causing George to promise he'd record it next time.

"Is he still asleep?" George questioned incredulously as he noticed Tommy still curled up in a ball fast asleep, the bandana that he used to hide his face hanging loosely around his neck. "You're one to talk," Sapnap commented, lightly elbowing George in the ribcage.

Dream rolled his eyes although he knew neither of them could see it and crouched down, gently shaking Tommy's shoulder, "C'mon Toms, time to get up, we're almost home."

Tommy slowly opened one eye and let out a soft whine, "...on't wanna." His voice half muffled by the pillow he grabbed onto and attempted to hide his face into. Dream felt himself melt, the masked villain at heart was a huge softy, not just for the teenager though but for all of them.

And that is exactly why Sapnap and George were whispering to each other, "I bet you he's just going to carry him." and "I bet you it'll be a piggyback ride."

Dream either didn't hear, or didn't care about, the betting going on behind him. With a defeated sigh he lifted the tired Tommy up and woke him up just long enough for the teenager to wrap his arms around his neck, holding his hands under Tommy's leg, giving a rather unbalanced piggyback ride. George grinned satisfied and held his hand out towards Sapnap to pay him his due.

He carried the little shit all the way back to the base whilst George snickered behind his back causing Dream to think the burnet knew something he didn't whilst Sapnap rambled on happily, telling them about his plans with Quackity and Karl when they had some free time. The moon now hung high above their heads, bathing the street with silver.

He now understood why George had been snickering behind his back. Tommy hadn't been tired at all, the little menace had just wanted someone to carry him and he knew that Dream would relent and do it. His evidence? The fact that once they were safely in the security of the villain's den, it had once been called their lair but Tommy had declared that too edgy and

had changed it to the den, the avian was suddenly fully awake and tackling Ranboo to the ground causing the lanky teen to drop the notebook he'd been scribbling away in.

"Ranboob!" He floated down from Dream's back and tossed his entire body weight towards the enderman hybrid that resides with them, now Ranboo isn't technically a villain but he isn't a hero either, having a preference of choosing people over sides. Ranboo's face screwed up slightly at the nickname but his relief won out as he hugged Tommy back.

His relief apparently didn't go amiss, however, as a knowing smirk found its way onto Tommy's face, "Aww, were you worried about me?" He teased, laughing so hard that one would never think that the teenager had ever been sad, he radiated pure joy. His laughter infectious as Ranboo joined in.

The enderman hybrid picked up his notebook and scattered notes, "A little bit," He admitted.

"It turns out blowing up an entire fuckin' building does cause a lot of traffic, big man," Tommy lightly punched Ranboo's arm but his tone was softer, more reassuring, letting his friend know that he was okay.

The TV continuing on and normally Tommy wouldn't have cared too much about whatever the metal box was saying, occasionally he'd stay up late and watch cartoons with The Dream Team or some documentary with Ranboo but he wasn't overly invested unless it was movie night but the sight of the three top heroes being interviewed in front of the wreckage of the hero agency did capture his attention. He found his feet moving on their own until he was sitting inches away from the screen.

"-So would you say that this is a new villain we're dealing with today?" The interviewer asked as they waved a microphone in front of the three heroes, "Do we know anything about them? And should we be worried?"

The Crow Father looked directly into the camera and Tommy felt his heart leap into his throat, this was the most direct contact he could remember having with the hero and it was through a screen, "We, unfortunately, don't know too much about this new villain, so to speak," He lied through his teeth. Wilbur was shuffling uncomfortably on his feet and seemed to be trying to avoid the camera whilst Technoblade was nodding away with Crow Father's words in agreement with the lie.

“I, however, wouldn’t class him as much of a threat,” Crow Father continued, Tommy feeling his blood boil, “He’s just a misguided kid who fell into the wrong company, he is being manipulated and lied to by The Dream Team and we have reason to believe that he is being used as bait. I don’t think he wants any of this.” It was a rather moving speech, he watched the fake tears glistening behind his eyes, Tommy knew that they were caused by eye droplets, the PR team would have put them in before the interview. He couldn’t tell if Crow Father actually believed the bullshit he was sprouting.

“We want to help him,” Wilbur finally spoke up, “So if you encounter him then do not hurt him but bring him to us, we *will* help him.” He listened as the crowd surrounding the heroes as they spoke the press erupted into cheers, touched and moved by the fact that these heroes wanted to help set a lowly misguided villain right but he couldn’t help but think he’d heard some hesitation behind Wilbur’s voice.

“Gods, they make it sound like we’re holding you here against your will,” Dream groaned, clearly not impressed with the act that the heroes had put on, they’d made their first move against the villains.

“As if you could,” Tommy fired back with a smirk which turned into a squeal as Sapnap wrapped the teenager up in his arms and held him close to his chest, his laughter causing Tommy’s entire body to shake along with it.

“What do you mean? You’re *totally* our hostage against them, we’re using you as bait, didn’t you hear what they said,” Sapnap chuckled as Tommy wrestled to get out of the blaze hybrid’s grip.

“Please, you’d get better luck using Ranboo as a hostage,” Tommy laughed although there was a deeper bitterness behind his words, not quite directed at the enderman hybrid but something underlying danced beneath his words.

Ranboo held his arms up in defence, “I’d rather not be a hostage if that’s okay.”

Tommy grinned at his friend’s response and once he’d successfully wrestled out of Sapnap’s grip, he stole the enderman hybrid’s pen - not going as far as to steal his notebook - and

waved the item in front of his face chuckling, “Only you would be that fuckin’ polite regarding a hostage situation.” As the laughter slowly died down and Tommy gave Ranboo back his pen, he remembered something the heroes had told him, “Y’know, they accused you guys of threatening to hurt me.”

He instantly regretted sharing that information as he felt anger fizzle across the room, threatening to pop, Dream especially seemed to hate the allegation. Sapnap looked at George pleadingly and the burnet nodded in understanding, taking Dream’s hand and squeezing it gently, the anger fizzing away slowly. Sapnap, however, still held a deep frown but he wasn’t in as much need of calming down as Dream was. Second rule of inciting chaos; you look after your own.

“Hey, boob boy,” Tommy started before actually cringing at his own statement, he restarted, “Ranboo, you’re seeing Tubbo tomorrow, right?”

The enderman hybrid had become friends with the upcoming hero, Tommy wasn’t exactly sure how it happened but he wasn’t about to tell Ranboo who he could and couldn’t be friends with, he wasn’t on anyone’s side after all. Ranboo had even tried to ask Tommy to come and hang out with him and Tubbo on more than one occasion, Dream had told him that it was entirely his choice if he did or didn’t, and that they didn’t need to tell the hero who he was but that Ranboo was sure they’d be friends. Tommy, however, had rejected the offer. It wasn’t exactly far-fetched to say that the blond somewhat resented the upcoming hero, even though he knew it wasn’t Tubbo’s fault, because Tubbo had everything Tommy wanted.

Tubbo was trained under Harmony, Wilbur, mostly hence how he had been able to leak his name but he was practically adopted by the top three heroes and Tommy didn’t want to meet him.

A nod of acknowledgement told Tommy all he needed to know and he gave Ranboo his best puppy-dog eyes, knowing that he was away to ask the enderman hybrid a favour, “Do you think that you could find out how they’re actually reacting to all of this?” He hoped that perhaps Wilbur would have trusted in Tubbo or have ranted to him or something.

And normally Ranboo would have said no but he knew how much this meant to Tommy and he chose people over sides and he would always choose Tommy, his best friend, he promised to do everything he could, even writing it down in his notebook in front of Tommy so that he wouldn’t forget.

They wouldn't class him as much of a threat, would they? Oh how Tommy looked forward to proving them wrong.

Chapter End Notes

Hello!!

A tiny glimpse into Dream and Tommy's thing, more on that later I promise also Tommy isn't a fanatic it does run a lot deeper than that but Dream didn't know that when he first met him, and Ranboo lives with the villains! I had to include alliumduo because I love them and also don't worry Tommy and Tubbo will become friends eventually

The just of this is essentially

Dream after finding a random kid who tried to steal from him: you're my brother now

Out of curiosity does anyone have any guesses as to what George's power could be? There are very small hints throughout this chapter as to the answer :]

Also holy shit the amount of support I received after only one chapter of this is insane, thank you all so much like i can hardly believe it! and you know what cause i feel lucky lmao my twitter is @crybabysapphic if anyone wants to create any fanart or anything you can send it on there! :]

Any kudos, comment, bookmark or even just you reading is so deeply appreciated, i hope you have a fantastic day!

Until Next Time

:]

A support network is key

Chapter Summary

What is good? What is bad?

A very close call

tw // implications of a panic attack
repeating

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Getting into trouble again, Tommy?” Niki asked the teenager, a playful smile playing on her lips as the villain ducked into her currently empty cafe. It seemed as if nobody wanted sweet treats whilst half the city was being destroyed, people these days have too high standards, Tommy thought as he scooped out one of the cupcakes on the counter, pulling down his bandana to munch into it.

Flames danced in the street outside and Tommy knew that was the work of Sarnap, the blaze hybrid on a hunt for his best friend who was hiding somewhere in the city, another manhunt and another opportunity to incite chaos. Citizens were fighting the flames as soon as they went alight and Tommy knew Sarnap was aiming for buildings that it was either easy to get out of or were completely empty.

“Niki,” The villain put a hand on his heart, an offended look forming on his face, “I’m an angel, I’ve never done anything wrong ever!”

The baker snorted but she shook her head and smiled at the teenager, “Oh, of course, you’re an angel that blew up the hero agency yesterday and I *totally* didn’t just see Harmony and Technoblade chasing you down the street.”

“In my defence, it got in my way, just like that bridge had for you.” He spoke with his mouth full of cupcake.

Niki rolled her eyes but there wasn't really any bite behind it and instead she leaned over and flicked his nose with her pointer finger, "Keep mentioning that and I'll start charging you." She gestured to the almost completely eaten cupcake in the teenager's hand, crumbs littered around his mouth and on the front of his hoodie.

Tommy knew that certainly wasn't an empty threat as his face paled at the idea of actually having to pay for his sweet treats, he had too much of a sweet tooth to give that up, he decided to distract her instead hoping that would be enough to make the threat go unacted upon, "Anyways," He drawled on, cramming the rest of the cupcake into his mouth before continuing to speak, "You heard Crow Father on the news last night, he said that he doesn't think I'm much of a threat."

Niki knew the tell-tale mischievous grin growing onto the teenager's lips and it spelt trouble. It spelt chaos but at least that meant that she wasn't going to be bored. She, however, didn't miss the distaste that flickered behind the way that he spat out the top hero's name, bile of hatred threatening to spill over, and she felt as though Tommy was allowed to act petty to prove them wrong.

Whatever that Niki was away to respond with died in the baker's throat as through the barely opened blinds she saw a figure that she recognised all too well growing closer, "Tommy," She told him and judging by how the villain's eyes widened momentarily she knew he'd noticed to, she lifted the opening to behind the counter, "Get down," She nudged a cupboard under the counter with her knee and Tommy scrambled into the small space. Niki knew that wouldn't exactly do wonders for the teenager's claustrophobia but there wasn't really time to think of another option.

The bell to the bakery dinged and Niki forced on a sickly sweet smile, although Tommy could notice the dark edge narrowing at the corner of her eyes. "Harmony," She greeted the hero who had paraded into her bakery, "What can I do for you?"

Light footsteps approached the counter, Tommy saw Niki back up slightly but she didn't look practically worried if anything perhaps a little surprised, "Niki," He said her name as if weighing it on his tongue thoughtfully, as if he was concerned that it would offend her but Tommy knew better than that, "You haven't happened to have seen anyone pass back, have you?" His words chosen deliberately, hoping for the baker to slip up somehow, Tommy's heart hammered against his ribcage and he was worried that it was going to break out. This

was the closest he'd been to the hero in a very long time, he could practically feel Harmony, Wilbur, balancing against the counter, his weight crashing down onto him.

But Niki wasn't stupid, she shook her head with that same sweet smile plastered to her lips and Tommy wondered how she did that when she knew exactly what Wilbur was hoping to achieve, "Nope," She popped the p, "I did see you chasing the new villain down the street though, did he manage to outrun both you and Technoblade?" Now she was messing with him back, her words sounding playful but they were strung up by a taunt.

"He's fast," Wilbur replied and Tommy cursed himself as his heart soared at it sounded something akin to praise, that type of conditioning took a long time to break, "Technoblade is scouting nearby to see if he managed to slip through some crack and well, dad is trying to stop The Dream Team before they cause some irreparable damage-" The villain had to control the short flame of anger that sparked through his core, surely the heroes had to know by now that they never destroyed anything beyond repair - apart from hopefully the hero agency, "-So I thought I would stop by and see if you'd seen anything."

"Well, I am sorry to disappoint you but I haven't," Niki shrugged as if disinterested in the conversation, "Now if you're not going to buy anything-"

Tommy felt a wave of gratitude as the baker tried to push Wilbur out, wanting nothing more than to get out of the small space, he was already starting to feel as if the walls were closing in on him and pair that with the crushing weight he was feeling on his shoulders, well, he was surprised that his breathing was still steady. His heart continued to hammer aggressively, he was starting to worry that Wilbur was going to hear it, this wasn't exactly the way he wanted to get captured.

"Y'know," The hero continued as if Niki hadn't spoken, his voice deceptively light, "Your friend Jack broke out of prison a couple of weeks ago."

"Did he now?" Niki mused, "Well, he is a demon, you should have prepared for that."

The hiding villain was honestly impressed by Niki's acting, she continued on as if she had nothing to hide, despite her knee bumping against the doors to Tommy's hiding spot ever so often and the villain was sure that was her way of squeezing his hand and trying to reassure the teenager that it was going to be okay.

“See, that’s the strange thing, we did prepare,” Wilbur drawled on, “We put in the proper precautions for housing a demon but he still got out which leads me to believe that somebody broke him out, now, you must understand why you’d be high on the list of suspects for that.”

The baker rolled her eyes as if bored, “And I have an alibi for that night, Puffy was with me, she already vouched for me when the police were here.”

Puffy, Tommy felt a warmth at the name and he heard the softness when Niki said it, she worked at the bakery alongside Niki. Neither hero or villain, Puffy saw herself as just a regular everyday citizen but she didn’t turn Tommy away when she learnt who he was either, instead she opted to protect the teenager in any way she could - which apparently had included an intervention with Dream where the masked villain had come out and scooped Tommy close to his chest promising that he would never hurt him and saying he wished that he could promise that nothing would ever hurt him. He had a support network.

“But if she’d *lied* then it could be considered perjury.” Wilbur told him and Tommy didn’t need to see his face to imagine the small sickened smirk tugging the end of his lips.

“You’ll have to forgive me, Harmony, but it sounds almost as if you’re threatening me.” An arched eyebrow directed towards the hero but Tommy could hear the almost acidic sizzle on the counter as she gripped tightly, her poison leaking through and he hoped she would loosen her grip soon so that it didn’t burn all the way through, revealing his hiding place.

An offended choked noise came from Wilbur but it sounded suspiciously similar to Tommy’s fake innocence, “I’m a hero, I would never threaten a citizen, I’m just reminding you, *Nemesis*, that harbouring villains or withholding information is a punishable offence, that’s all.”

He watched Niki stiffen and for a second Tommy felt as if that was it, she was going to hand him over, he had to cup a hand over his mouth to try and quieten down his breathing. His chest rising and falling rapidly, he felt as though someone was holding his heart in a vice-like grip and threatening to squeeze until it popped, his sight blurry. This was the end of his run and Niki was going to break her promise, she was going to hand him over.

He closed his eyes and stifled a sob, waiting to be revealed to the hero, as he heard the heavier footsteps of the hero leap over the counter. He didn't see Niki discreetly close the cupboard door to his hiding spot.

The bell chimed as the door to her bakery was ruthlessly forced open and Niki was more than a little surprised to have customers, the rain poured mercilessly from the heavens outside condemning anyone who chanced going outside to a very soaked fate. She was even more confused when she saw three cloaked individuals standing in the doorway, well, customers were customers, she told herself and forced on her most service-friendly smile. "What can I do for you tod-"

Her sentence, however, was cut short as one of the cloaked individuals disregarded the soaked item from his body, casting it carelessly on the back of a chair and Niki would have been rather irked if she hadn't seen her friend, her partner in crime, who should have been in jail standing across from her, a sheepish grin printed on his lips. "Uh, hi."

Immediately she gripped the demon by the shoulders, "Jack, how did you get out?" Of course she was excited to see her friend again but she was certain that it should have been, well, impossible.

"I had a little help," He gestured to the two cloaked figures.

"Nemesis, Niki," And he didn't need to remove his cloak for Niki to recognise him, albeit he sounded younger the last time she'd heard him but she could never forget those screams that ragged on her mind whilst she tried to sleep, guilt tugged on her features. All the sleepless nights she'd spent and yet he'd come to her.

The cloak was dropped, a slight shiver coming from the teenager who stood in front of her and he was older than when she'd last seen him, he'd been eleven and fear had been all that adorned his face.

But now, he looked so different, Niki would always recognise him - he was her old best friend's brother after all - but she couldn't deny the differences. That fear was gone from their

last encounter, replaced instead with a grin that she knew was supposed to look effortless but apprehension and a slight anxiety flamed behind those blue eyes that she saw in her nightmares. His hair had grown longer, almost rivalling the length of Technoblade's, and scars traced the sides of his face. "Theseus."

"Tommy," He corrected immediately and she watched the final cloaked figure reveal themselves and she found that she wasn't surprised to see Dream, despite being retired for a few years now she still tried to keep up to date with the ongoing in the 'underworld' and she'd heard that the masked villain had taken on a sort of apprentice.

"Trust me," Jack chuckled, "I am just as confused as you are." The demon, although grateful for the breakout, had later confessed to Niki that he still had no understanding as to why Tommy would have done it.

"I was the reason you were in jail," Tommy answered and shrugged as if that answered everything.

"Because we almost killed you," Niki added incredulously, confusion taking over, she remembered the eleven year on the bridge crying out having wandered too far from his family and she remembered his relief when he'd noticed Niki and Jack, clambering over to them, believing they were friends, only for them to still destroy the bridge and send the kid tumbling down with it.

Her poison stung below her fingertips, nipping at her skin slightly, she'd refused to use her powers since that day, having since retired. Anxiety pounding at her heart as she realised Dream was watching them both, she didn't need to see his face, she could feel the intensity and it was almost as if the masked villain was challenging them to even try to do something. It irked her slightly but Tommy had just freed Jack from prison, she had no reason to attack the boy, then again had either of them had a reason the first time?

Tommy just shrugged, The key word there is; almost and anyways I want to use your bakery as a sort of safe place for villains."

That was definitely not what she'd expected to hear, she chose her next words carefully, "I'm retired, Thes- Tommy," She corrected herself on the slip-up.

“And I’m not asking you to be a villain again, I don’t want you to be,” He spoke more eloquently than she had expected from the boy, even at eleven he’d had quite the vulgar tongue, “I just want one safe space in the city.”

Her eyes softened, “Okay,” She told him with a nod, “Okay.”

Jack decided to break the heavy tension that hung in the air and forced a smirk on his face, “So you’d consider yourself a villain now then? I don’t know, I thought we were against letting children become villains.”

“I will fuckin’ stab you Manifold, the second I get a knife I will stab you-”

Niki drowned out their bickering and went to stand by Dream’s side, the masked villain hanging back reserved, she wondered if this was his idea and he’d merely brought Tommy along as a sort of peace offering, “Did he tell you that he knew me then?”

A hum of acknowledgement came from Dream, “Yeah, he told me about you and Jack.” She was away to push further, curiosity a curse when Dream kept talking, “He forgave you both, I don’t know why, I wouldn’t.”

She wouldn’t either.

“You don’t trust me, do you?”

“No I don’t, Nemesis, but Tommy does and that’s good enough for me.”

Niki couldn’t argue against Dream’s words nor could she think of anything that she deemed worthwhile to say, instead she nodded, allowing the words to sink in. Tommy had come to her because he trusted her, despite what she’d done. She could still see his tiny body falling into the water, dipping up and down desperately trying to snatch up air, she could have saved him

or Jack could have but instead they'd turned heel and fled or she had, Jack had gotten caught, a misunderstanding of him trying to kill Tommy had given him a life sentence.

Her bitterness against the teenager who, as far as she was aware, hadn't tried to dispute the claims had only grown, eventually smothered by guilt when she told her story to Puffy one late night in the bakery. That was when the nightmares had started.

But Tommy was in her bakery now and was still very loudly threatening to stab the demon that he'd just rescued along with trying to snag some treats from behind the counter, she turned a blind eye and pretended she didn't see. It was nice to see the teenager so full of life again, when she'd last seen him, behind all that fear and screaming, she'd noticed the brightness behind his eyes fading. Now, she would think the teenager had never shed a tear in his life.

"Oh, Niki," Tommy spoke with his mouth crammed full of what she assumed to be sugar but knowing Tommy could very well be baking powder, "Could you also avoid mentioning to anyone that you know who I am? It ruins the whole mysterious bullshit behind my secret identity!" But she knew what he was really asking was for her to not say anything to any of the heroes.

"I promise I won't."

But she never did get round to asking that night as her and Tommy caught up, the promise putting the teenager at ease within the bakery, how exactly he had ended up on the bridge alone.

Tommy could practically hear the hand squeezing around the handle to the cupboard, his heart pounding in his chest, he couldn't make a sound, he couldn't make a sound, he couldn't make a sound, he couldn't make a sound-

"You've changed, Wil," And Tommy heard the door being let go, the accusatory manner behind the baker's voice pulling the hero away. He let out the breath he'd been holding and tried to steady himself, the world tipping at the corners.

He heard a forced chuckle leaving the hero's lips and heard his footsteps move around the small area behind the counter, "I changed?" His voice raised at the end, "You're the one who changed first, Niki." He sounded almost childish, "You were my best friend."

"And you were mine," The edge in her voice was as sharp as a knife and she didn't need to use her powers for the words to poison the hero, "But you changed, Wil, did you hear the nonsense you were sprouting yesterday on the news? You pretended that you didn't even know Theseus."

A hitched breath and Tommy wasn't even sure if it was his or if it was Wilbur's, he could hear the gears turning in Wilbur's head as he tried to formulate a response and if he hadn't been so painstakingly close to the hero that his struggle would have been amusing.

"Are you really worried about him? Or are you worried about your reputation?"

This time there were no accusations beneath her words, her tone had changed to a softer questioning one and if Tommy hadn't known any better than he would have taken this for an exchange between friends, a friend who was worried about another.

Wilbur didn't answer.

"Answer the question."

Still he didn't answer.

"Wilbur, answer the question."

Still nothing.

“Answer the question, Wil.”

Nothing.

“Ans-”

“I don’t know,” His voice shaking, “I don’t know, Niki.”

Tommy was sure that he could hear the hero crying but he couldn’t bring himself to feel bad for the tears that fell, he wasn’t sure if they were crocodile tears. Niki didn’t fall for it either, she didn’t rush to his side to reassure him as she once might have, she didn’t tell him that everything was going to be okay and she certainly didn’t tell him where Tommy was. The villain could feel a crushing weight on top of his head, this was all becoming too much for him.

“I think you should leave, Harmony,” She went back to formalities. Wilbur didn’t protest this time, Tommy heard the hero’s feet moving but he didn’t dare get overexcited or make a noise until he heard the bell, until Niki would tell him it was safe to come out. He heard the footsteps approaching the door, he heard them stop a few paces before opening it.

“Answer me one thing before I leave, I will act like you never said a thing and this encounter never even happened,” Wilbur said, “The Dream Team aren’t hurting Tommy are they?”

Anger fizzled away at the teenager for even the sheer accusation, wanting to let out a bitter laugh at how much Wilbur wanted to remain the hero, but he couldn’t deny that he heard the sliver of genuine concern behind the question. He didn’t know if he hoped Niki would answer or if he hoped she wouldn’t.

“None of them would even think about it.”

And Wilbur left.

Chapter End Notes

Hello!!

Did I hear anyone say ex/retired villain Niki? I promise there will be more to do with the bridge and it is actually relevant and I didn't just use it as an excuse to write stuff for Niki (although that did benefit) and we get to see some more of Wilbur/Harmony, I was going to do some show-case of his power but decided against it in the end cause it didn't quite fit

Slight explanation; Jack is a demon because of the whole thing within the DSMP of him crawling back from hell!

Please feel free to drop any theories and ideas you have! I adore theorising

I hope you are all enjoying, I've been loving reading what you guys are thinking and just seeing that you're enjoying warms my heart so much! My goal with this is fic is for you all to enjoy it (and maybe get some fanart down the line cause that would be awesome)

Any kudos, comments, bookmarks or even just you reading is deeply appreciated!

Until Next Time

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Emotions are icky (but unfortunately necessary)

Chapter Summary

So many shades of gray

tw // mentions of panic attack

minor implications of child abuse (very much blink and you'll miss it)

Stay Safe <3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Niki immediately grabbed her communicator as Tommy scrambled out of the cupboard, feeling guilty for putting him in such a small space despite knowing he was claustrophobic but she didn't know what else she could have done, "I'm going to contact 404," She told him, using the villain name incase someone was listening in that shouldn't be.

Tommy's heart was still racing, bashing against his ribcage, any words that he was trying to speak dying on his tongue. He had been so close to being found, he'd been so close to being captured. His head was spinning, he was confused and he was lost. Wilbur, at the end, had sounded as if he cared but the avian liked to think that he knew better. Distrust.

George, 404, was quicker than Tommy had ever seen him before. Had he been in his right mind then the teenager would have teased him for that but currently he was trying to ease the anxiety causing his entire world to still, black spots teasing the corners of his vision and his head swimming with intrusive and unwanted thoughts. He was aware of the fact that George was speaking to him but it sounded as if the burnet was underwater, his words fuzzy and Tommy couldn't make them out.

He could vaguely see Niki and George talking to each other, the conversation seemed to be getting rather heated and he could hear the fuzzy rambling getting louder, his heart in his throat.

But George took his hand and suddenly his breathing was steadying, his sight returning to normal and his hearing slowly improving, he could hear the burnet wincing slightly and his breath hitching in pain. "I've got you, Toms," He managed to get out, his voice choking on emotion.

Normally Tommy would have yanked his hand away, he'd been vocal about not liking George using his power on the teenager but seeing the regret and apologies that were flickering behind the burnet's eyes, Tommy could find an excuse to get angry. His heart slowing back to its regular pace, he counted the beats by tapping his forefinger of his free hand against his thigh until it felt normal again. "Thanks," He murmured, barely above a whisper but he knew George could *feel* his gratitude.

"You would've made a good hero," Niki muses, her eyes darting between George and the now calmed teenager, her words definitely directed at George over Tommy. The burnet returned her statement with an indifferent shrug, he looked tired and Tommy felt guilty.

His eyelids were already drooping but Tommy could see George fighting to stay awake, "Gotta get you back to Dream," He slurred, the heavy emotions having knocked everything out of him, Tommy's previous anxiety and fear fizzling away at the pit of George's stomach, dissolving quickly. The avian felt George let go of his hand and ruffle his hair, "...on't worry about it," He tried to ease the teenager's guilt, his words still slurring together.

Watching the display Niki felt confident in her words towards Wilbur; none of The Dream Team would even think about hurting Tommy. The affectionate and fond smile that tugged on George's lips despite him being exhausted and the fact that Niki just knew that Dream and Sapnap had sent the villain over as fast as they possibly could after her message, she couldn't stop herself from smiling.

Tommy supported the tired villain to his feet, looping his arm with George's, allowing the burnet to lean against him. Only complaining slightly about being crushed. He did, however, before leaving, scoop up a stray snack from over the counter, Niki only shaking her head fondly in response.

"You need to come back again soon," She told him warmly, "Jack has a gift for you." The demon was currently lying low considering he was still very much wanted but Niki knew that Jack was still trying to find a way to repay the teenager for breaking him out, despite

Tommy's insistence that the free sweets he got from Niki's bakery was enough for him. She watched Tommy walk out with George as she turned the sign on her door to read; *closed*.

Tommy struggled with George through the newly created destruction of the street, it was nothing beyond repair and it was only slightly more than usual, the scorch marks tattooing the ground making it clear Sapnap had gotten a little too eager in his pursuit of his best friend. That was a pretty good indicator that Dream had won the manhunt too.

Walking through the streets without a crowd to hide behind and blend in was essentially the same as walking with a giant red target painted on his back. George, dealing with the drawback of his ability, was too out of it to be much help especially if they needed to run and Tommy wouldn't entertain the idea of leaving the burnet behind.

He slipped up an alleyway and rested George against the wall, silently thanking the almost completely asleep villain for his help once more, as much as he hated having George's power used on him, he was grateful to be able to think straight and no longer feel as if his head — and heart — was being held in a vice. His wings fluttering nervously against his back, he cursed himself — not for the first time — for his inability to fly, his wings only slowed his falls. It wasn't as if he could carry George into the air and carry them soaring to safety.

Instead, he pulled his earpiece out of the front pocket of his hoodie and affixed it to his ear, glad that George was too out of it to notice, he didn't want to think about how mother-hen like Dream would get if he knew he'd taken it out when he'd been at Niki's. It wasn't that the masked villain wanted to spy on Tommy or listen into his conversations, he just wanted a way for the teenager to be able to contact them in the case of an emergency.

"Hey, bitches, I need some help," Tommy greeted into the earpiece, a smile forming on his lips as he heard a cackle from Sapnap through crackling and an over-exaggerated sigh from Dream. George slumping against the wall, soft snores leaving him every now and again, Tommy wished he had a water bottle to pour over the burnet's head.

All he could do was wait for his fellow villains to show face, keeping an eye both on the street and on George whilst he waited. His wings bumping against his shoulder blades as if

itching to move but Tommy wasn't too keen on scaling a building just to jump off of it... at least not in his current situation.

Luckily, Dream and Sapnap were quick. "Who won?" Tommy shouted, despite being pretty sure he knew the answer, as he watched the two jog over to them.

A confident swing of his axe over his shoulder, "Me," Dream announced, which sent Sapnap into a flurry of excuses and threats that he could get Dream next time.

The atmosphere is calming and familiar. Neither of his fellow villains seemed overly concerned when they caught sight of George sleeping against the wall, instead only a mutter of how uncomfortable the position must be is uttered.

Sapnap grumbled as he struggled with balancing the sleeping villain on his back, "And he says I snore," He commented but there was a more playful nature dancing beneath his words, coming across more like the blaze hybrid just wanted an excuse to complain rather than being actually irked. Dream shook his head in a manner akin to fondness as he watched the display, he could easily offer a hand and with his height advantage it would be a lot easier for him to be the one carrying George but amusement had won out.

"What happened?" Dream, finally, asked. Sapnap's grumbles could still be heard trailing behind them.

Tommy knew that he didn't have to answer if he didn't want to but he also knew that Dream would jump on George for the details the second that he was awake if Tommy didn't, "Had a panic attack," The words that left his lips barely over a whisper, he didn't want to think about how helpless he had felt in that cupboard, how terrified he truly was of being captured and he didn't want to think about the fear and anxiety that had never truly stopped bubbling in the pit of his stomach threatening to eventually boil over. His wings defensively puffed out and Dream's hand rested on his shoulder, a squeeze was given but he didn't push the subject any further, a soft sign that he was there if the teenager wanted to tell him anything but he wouldn't force him.

"So, how'd you win that fuckin' manhunt then, pussy?" Tommy forced a bright grin on his face and playfully punched Dream in the arm, an indicator to move on.

And the masked villain did, with an arm wrapped over the blond's shoulder, he told the story of how he had, once again, avoided George and Sapnap's clutches in their game. The occasional shouted protest and amendment coming from Sapnap who was promptly hushed to avoid him waking George up.

Warmth grasped at Tommy's heart and although the remnants of his fear and anxiety were still flickering away, he felt safe as they returned to their stupid get-away vehicle. The caravan mundane and overall unfitting for villains of their stature at least that was what Tommy could say out loud, never quite admitting how fond he'd grown of the caravan over the time they'd been using it, deciding instead to always comment on how ugly it was.

Sapnap, much to his dismay, was given the job of driving, "You only keep me around to have me do your bidding," The blaze hybrid complained overdramatically as he gently placed George down on the couch. His eyes turned to Tommy, "Defend me, he makes me do everything."

"Sap, I drove yesterday whilst you took a nap," Dream argued pointedly, the blaze hybrid simply shaking Dream's words off.

A grin formed on Tommy's lips, "I could drive."

Both of the villains whipped their heads around, "No!" They answered in sync and Tommy grumbled somewhat childishly under his breath about how they never let him do anything fun and why do they have to be such killjoys. George's soft snores silenced by the playful argument that had broken out which eventually ended in Sapnap driving purely because the idea of Tommy driving the caravan petrified him.

Dream threw himself over the second couch, the one adjacent to George's makeshift bed, he let out a long groan and cracked his neck. Tommy practically threw himself next to the masked villain, snickering as he heard a soft oof come from Dream as a result of the sudden weight pressed against him. They fell into a routine as Dream carefully and thoughtfully ran his hands through Tommy's hair, muttering to himself about how long it was getting now, adjusting the loose ponytail to be a touch tighter. He didn't protest as Dream played with his hair, Tommy knew that Dream was worried, he knew that the masked villain worried about

how bad the attack had been for it to knock George out cold. That's why he didn't argue, a few loose insults every now and again but all bark and no bite.

He remembered the first night when he'd cried, how Dream had bundled the avian up in his arms as if he were still a baby, he'd told the masked villain everything that night. He remembered how Dream had played with his hair not much different to the present and how he'd made the boy turn to face him, holding up his pinkie finger and saying the one word that would bond them, "Brothers."

Tommy allowed his eyes to slip shut, his mind falling into memories as he heard the gentle hum of the masked villain, the soft snores of George and the occasional loud complaint from the forced driver.

If any of the villains had been paying attention as they began to drive back to The Den that perhaps they would have noticed the hero standing nearby watching with a small knowing smile growing onto their lips.

The sky above The Den wasn't as polluted as the city, Tommy could spot the twinkling silver stars. Identifying stars and constellations in order to try and tire his overworking mind, he listed the names off with his words hanging in the air as an icy breath; *Orion - Alnitak, Alnilam and Mintaka.*

A vague memory nudged against his consciousness of sitting on the roof of the penthouse, back when the stars in the city were still visible and the sky wasn't as poisoned, a 'loving' arm wrapped around his shoulders identifying the stars to him and telling him their stories — even making a promise for a telescope to see them better if the boy behaved and kept his grades up — but Tommy shook that memory off, rolling it off his back and it replaced in his mind with a newer one.

Sleep had been a rare luxury when he'd first started living at The Den, back when it had still been referred to as a lair, and his climbs onto the roof were a lot more frequent. His mind constantly fighting with itself, Sapnap had been the first to discover his new hiding place, he remembered teaching the blaze hybrid about the stars and how intently he'd listened. The

next night Sapnap had dragged Dream along with him who had childishly demanded a lesson on the stars as well, he supposed he'd always found comfort in them.

"Can't sleep?" He heard footsteps approach him, careful and cautious considering Tommy was currently sitting on the roof, he had half-expected to see Dream or Sapnap when he flicked his head around lazily but instead it was George, a small smile tugging on the corners of his lips as he sat on the rotting wood next to Tommy, neither of them deciding to comment on the groan that came from it as George took his seat.

"I didn't think you'd be awake," Tommy lightly teased but his words held an element of truth, he'd expected the burnet to be knocked out until morning considering how exhausted he'd looked but in response he got a shrug and a yawn from George.

"How are you feeling?" He asked instead.

The teenager rolled his eyes, "I don't know why you always ask that as if you can't *feel* it."

The burnet laughed humorlessly, a roll of his eyes returning Tommy's, but he supposed it was a fair point. "Do you want to know why I avoided you for the first few months after you joined us?"

Tommy could remember that well, "I just assumed you didn't fuckin' like me and that it was your loss or that you found me annoying but y'know most people do at first." His signature shit-eating grin formed on his lips.

"You feel so much, it's overwhelming," A pained expression painted George's features and confusion coated Tommy's. "Dream has a big heart, his love and loyalty are strong and Sapnap's fire channels into his anger and his energy but you, Toms, you feel everything to its fullest degree. I don't understand how you can feel so much without going insane."

George was an empath, he could sense and feel others' emotions and could absorb them, but the downside that came with his power — besides the sleep — was that he could barely tell what was his own emotions anymore, they all blended together.

Tommy could recall the first time he'd seen George's powers, it was after he'd told his story to Dream, the empath had laced his fingers through Tommy's and tears had slipped from his eyes, that was one of the only times he'd seen George cry.

"One of the perks of being me," Tommy tried for a confident, arrogant, grin but he knew there wasn't any way for him to fool George, even if he acted as if he believed him which he normally did.

"What you felt today-" George started but he didn't get to finish as the teenager rushed in.

"-Wil was at Niki's cafe, he was so close, I could practically feel him breathing down my neck. I didn't get this far to be captured helplessly in a cupboard," He spat at the words venomously, as if they tasted bad in his mouth. *Anxiety, fear, self-hatred* . George frowned.

Tommy knew that arguably if he had to encounter any of the heroes then Wilbur would probably be the softest, although those crocodile tears still weighed down on him. George's hand rested on his shoulder and Tommy felt his emotions calm, the raging tides constantly thrashing in his head momentarily finding peace. Regularly he would have been angry, would have pulled away the idea of George calming him but the remorse and hurt on the burnet's face was enough for him to allow it.

"If you wanted to go back to them, you know that Dream would never stop you," George murmured, his power keeping Tommy's emotions from tipping over the edge, *Confusion, bitterness, anxiety*.

"Why did you never become a hero?" Tommy asked, thinking back to Niki's words earlier.

George stifled a snort as if the sheer idea of him becoming a hero was the funniest thing he'd ever heard, "Never really got the appeal."

"Most kids claim that their parents are superheroes," Tommy chuckled, George draining the anger and bitterness as quickly as it was forming, "But it isn't as fuckin' awesome as you'd

think it would be. I would watch kids in that shithole exchange pictures of Crow Father, all of them saying he was their dad, and they'd talk about how he was on his way to come and whisk them away." He made the motion of fluttering wings with his hands. He didn't mention how he was told to keep his mouth shut about his relation to Crow Father and how he was made to shut up when his stubbornness made him talk anyway, subconsciously he cupped his own cheek.

Pain, hurt, longing. It had never stopped.

George wished he could do more than his empathic powers would allow him, he wished he could always drive away the negative emotions before they even had the chance to fully form for the teenager who smiled and laughed at the world as if he'd never felt sadness.

A wave of protectiveness washed over the burnet and he was starting to realise that he'd grown soft just as much as the rest of The Dream Team had, guess he couldn't make fun of them for it anymore. He felt a weight dipping into his side and he saw the teenager beginning to nod off and he assumed that he could carry him back in as return for Tommy lugging him through the streets.

Peace, calm, love.

Tommy's emotions flooded through his entire body and he meant exactly what he said earlier; he feels so much, it's overwhelming.

"How can you not feel hatred towards them? How can you not feel hatred towards anyone?" George asked, more to himself than to the sleeping blond, as he brushed a lock of hair gently out of his face. Sure, he'd felt Tommy's bitterness towards the heroes that he'd previously called a family, he'd felt his pain and sadness, his determination to prove himself but never a hatred despite it being deserving.

Gently he carried Tommy down the roof, fearing that he would lose his footing and go tumbling to the ground. But his fears were for naught as he successfully clambered down and brought Tommy safely inside the confines of The Den. A sleepy Dream coming into his line of vision, he doesn't need his powers to sense the smugness coming from the masked villain which George responded to by sticking his tongue out.

He considered carrying Tommy through to the bedroom that the avian shared with Ranboo but he knew that the enderman hybrid could be a rather light sleeper and he didn't want to risk waking him up, he recalled how the teenager — before they'd met Ranboo — used to sleep curled up similar to a puppy or cat at the end of one of The Dream Team member's bed. He didn't like to sleep alone.

The mixed footsteps of Dream and George were enough to wake up Sapnap who groggily raised his head and rubbed his eyes, whatever comment he was going to make dying at the back of his throat and being replaced by a fond smile when he saw Tommy asleep.

Adoration, fondness, love

And George wasn't sure whose emotion it was that he was feeling, all he knew was that their hearts were beating as one.

Chapter End Notes

Hello!!

Disclaimer: Obviously all the mentions of love is platonic and borderline paternal

Power reveal for George, a lot of people thought his power had something to do with sleep which is technically correct because sleeping is the draw back to his ability absorbing too powerful emotions or too much means he needs to sleep to reset. I will say mostly the hints I gave previously was simply; George taking Dream's hand to calm him down and him being able to tell how Dream was feeling whilst he was still wearing the mask - also I don't write George overly often so this was a fun chapter to write

Also some hints towards some more things with Tommy and the unknown hero who watched them leave in the caravan who knows who that could be

Please feel free to theorise and drop your ideas, I adore getting to see people analyse and theorise (and never feel bad for a long comment)

Any kudos, comment, bookmark or even just you reading is deeply appreciated!

Until Next Time

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Don't walk into obviously placed traps

Chapter Summary

Are you good? Are you bad?

I'm not overly proud of this chapter but I rewrote it over ten times but some of the real plot is beginning

tw // minor mentions of vomit/being sick
mentions of child abuse

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

This could prove to be quite problematic, Tommy frowned underneath his bandana as his mind whirled with about a dozen ideas, none that seemed as if they would work.

It had been a few days since the incident in Niki's bakery, since he'd been right underneath Wilbur's nose, and none of the villains had been in the city since. Claiming it was because if the city was destroyed too often then it became predictable and that took away the chaos element and, well, sometimes villains needed a few days off.

Tommy knew that was a load of bullshit.

"Just because you can look after yourself without anyone's help doesn't mean that you should have to." Dream had said that to Tommy, it was during his first week of living at The Den and the teenager had been still been a little wary towards the villain's at that point and he could still see the look of disappointment on Sapnap's face when the blaze hybrid had tried to give him soup and Tommy had turned it down, declaring that he was perfectly capable of looking after himself.

He was still capable of looking after himself, of course, he was a big man but-

He called them clingy, insufferable along with a load of words that the avian didn't actually know the meanings for and, of course, a shit-ton of insults that held no real weight were thrown back and forth from both parties. Sapnap even wrapped Tommy's head under his arm and holding him in a rather loose playful chokehold, mercilessly ruffling the teenager's hair whilst he squealed and batted at the blaze hybrid with his wings and continuously called him a 'flame roasted bitch', but the two finally relented on a truce to instead team-up and attack Dream and George (Tommy considered his biggest achievement being him managing to pull Ranboo into it).

Ranboo hadn't been spared as when Tommy had decided to use Sapnap as his own personal heater than he was leaned against the enderman hybrid letting Ranboo preen his wings delicately with the tips of his fingers, making a sound that sounded suspiciously like he was purring — not like how a cat would purr but similar to a soft growl, a sound of contentment — but Ranboo wasn't about to point that out as he hummed happily, only partly watching the movies that The Dream Team had insisted on watching.

Dream pretended not to hear the late night conversation between Tommy and Ranboo — the avian had pulled all the mattresses into the living room and had decided that they were all going to have a sleepover and, well, when it came to Tommy then Dream was a big pushover — where the enderman hybrid had said that if Wilbur, or really any of the heroes, had spoke to Tubbo about the situation with him then the upcoming hero wasn't sharing anything about it. If Tommy wanted to speak to him about it then he would.

Instead, Dream had woken the teenager up at midnight, a mischievous grin hidden by his mask on his lips as he held out a permanent marker and gestured to the sleeping George and Sapnap. He had also slid Tommy a bowl of ice cream, considering the night prior he had been whining due to Sapnap accidentally melting his with his powers, and woke Ranboo up so that he could have as well but nobody needed to know that as the masked villain cleaned any dirty dishes that may have been used as evidence against them.

But unfortunately they eventually did have to go back to work.

And this was not quite the pleasant start that he had wanted, Tommy didn't mind doing villain work in-fact most of the time he enjoyed but it had been nice to have a break from the constant chaos and he had been *hoping* for a calm reentry to his work but he supposed that wasn't in the cards for him.

Tommy grumbled as he tried to untie himself from the snare he'd gotten caught in, all he'd wanted was to get his ender-damned earpiece that he'd forgotten in the caravan and he'd walked straight into a trap. He, truthfully, was feeling a little sick from hanging upside down.

At the very least Tommy could reach his knife that hung on his belt but that meant nothing if he couldn't reach the rope to cut it. He tried to swing himself up despite knowing that he was definitely not going to manage it, swinging his knife rather dangerously, but unsurprisingly his attempts were fruitless and he slammed his body into the lamppost he was strung from, wincing in pain.

"Wait! I can't believe that actually worked!" A voice exclaimed and Tommy heard footsteps thundering towards him, fast and almost excited sounding as they hit the ground. He swallowed the rising whimper in his throat, unsure of just who exactly he was going to face.

At least he was worried until he heard, "Ranboo, c'mon, I need to show you something!" Now he was more confused because who exactly was dragging Ranboo around with them, he assumed they had to be meaning the Ranboo that he knew because Tommy couldn't imagine that there were many people naming their children Ranboo.

Standing, now, directly in front of him with a wide and mischievous grin was rising hero Tubbo, his shulker skin creating hardened purple armour over his regular skin, protecting him from the swinging knife of the currently captured villain. Mechanical wings whirring rather loudly as they lifted him off his feet. Tubbo may be a shulker hybrid but during his training with the top heroes he had created wings for himself and although they could be temperamental at best, they worked for him to be lifted far enough out of Tommy's reach to let his armour drop. He was inspecting the snare and Tommy had a feeling that he now knew exactly who had set the trap out.

Looking confused and rather concerned standing only a few mere inches away was Ranboo, the enderman hybrid's eyes were staring so intensely at Tommy that he was worried that he was going to disintegrate beneath it. "What do you want, hero and random civilian that I've never seen before in my life but is a tall motherfucker." Tommy shouted, puffing his chest out and trying to make himself look bigger than he was and he also thought he was doing a decent job of pretending that he didn't know Ranboo.

Apparently, Ranboo didn't agree as he replied with a face-palm and instead dashed over to Tommy's side, "Are you okay, Tommy?"

The avian rolled his eyes overdramatically towards Ranboo, "Who is this Tommy you speak of?"

Tubbo cackled from above, swinging the snare slightly, "Nice try but I already know who you are and I know that you two know each other."

The colour faded from Tommy's face, he didn't think that Ranboo would betray him, at least not intentionally. Any remark that he was away to spit out at the shulker hybrid died on his tongue but Tubbo didn't appear overly phased, "Ranboo isn't exactly the best at keeping secrets," He swung the snare again and Tommy felt bile rising in his throat as the world around him spun with it, "Trust me, he definitely tried, but he kept slipping up with names between Theseus and Tommy when trying to get some information about the new villain, that's you, and well, Ranboo has already told me a lot about his best friend Tommy-" The avian felt his face flush at that and a familiar clutch at his heart, "-So putting two and two together wasn't exactly difficult."

Tubbo floated closer towards the villain, the mechanical whirr was starting to give Tommy a headache and he couldn't help but wonder how the upcoming hero dealt with that racket all the time, his smile replaced with something a little softer, "You can relax though, bossman, I just wanted an opportunity to talk to you so I'll cut you down if you promise not to run."

Tommy wasn't overly fond of the fact that the upcoming hero was talking to him as if he was a scared animal but he was even less fond of the idea of throwing his guts up, "Sure, cut me down, bitch."

And he probably should have chosen his wording a little bit more carefully as Tubbo did indeed cut him down as promised but Tommy landed face-first onto the ground, as he didn't have enough of a warning to open his wings up, gritting his teeth in pain as the upcoming hero barely managed to stifle his giggle. Ranboo could only provide an apologetic shrug in response.

The avian leapt back up to his feet, uncurling his wings from his back, declaring that it hadn't even hurt.

Tubbo grinned, amusement dancing behind his eyes, and Tommy was remembering some of Ranboo's tales about the upcoming hero now, tales that for the safety of the city made it better than the shulker hybrid was a hero and not a villain. "We should go somewhere *else* to have this talk and considering you can't fly-" Tommy was away to ask just how the fuck did Tubbo know that he couldn't fly when he felt arms loop under his armpits and he was lifted off of the ground.

A red bandana that was tied against Tubbo's wrist was really all that the teenager could force himself to focus on, screams and swears word-vomiting from his throat as he tried to figure out exactly what was happening, and he still hadn't even managed to get his earpiece from the caravan but he supposed that wasn't important right now because he was a long way from the ground. He shouldn't be panicked about that, his wings fluttered nervously against his back reminding him that they would soften his descendant if the upcoming hero dropped him, no, what Tommy was panicked about was how easily Tubbo had lifted him and how easily the upcoming hero had gotten him into a tight grasp that he would have to wrestle out of. He kept his eyes trained on the red that fluttered with the wind.

The red which felt familiar.

Tubbo didn't drop Tommy nor did he fly the villain straight into the hands of the heroes but instead he lowered them onto a rooftop, hidden away behind a large cars sale sign. Ranboo, who must have used his enderman teleportation, was already sitting on the ground. He appeared breathless and a little shaky but that was mostly the side-effects of his teleportation, he could only do it about three or four times a day without getting sick, the enderman hybrid recalled the day he'd found that fact out and it had resulted in Tommy sitting with him — uncharacteristically gentle — and rubbing circles on his back and holding his hair back whilst Ranboo was sick.

Tommy looked dangerously close to being sick right now. The enderman hybrid immediately grasped Tommy's hand once the villain had sat down on the rooftop, squeezing it gently as an attempt to try and ground him somewhat.

"Start fuckin' talking," Tommy demanded, or tried to demand at the very least, glaring at the upcoming hero.

If Tubbo noticed the hostility towards him then he didn't say anything, instead that gremlin grin on his face grew tenfold and he rubbed his hands together, preparing to spin his tale.

“Okay, well, I shadowed Wilb- Harmony,” He sheepishly corrected himself before shaking his head, “You already know his name anyway but I'm still not supposed to use it, he was not happy when I leaked it, they banned me from talking to the press for months incase I leaked something else but now it's a sort of running joke where before I do any sort of press leak then they're like ‘what are you going to leak this time, Tubbo?’-“

He was definitely getting off topic and regularly Tommy wouldn't have minded rambling but each word that left Tubbo's mouth felt as if he was being pricked with Niki's poison, with how much ease the upcoming hero spoke about the three top heroes and how relaxed he appeared joking about them, he would have definitely rather been still stuck in the snare.

Ranboo squeezed Tommy's hand tighter, picking up on the villain's cues, he knew Tubbo wasn't trying to be malicious but he also knew that didn't make it any easier. “Bo, you're getting off track,” He prodded gently, trying to keep the peace as a neutral party.

The tips of the shulker hybrid's ears went a tinge of pink from embarrassment and he nodded, “Sorry, anyways, as I was saying, I shadowed Wilbur when we went to Niki's bakery a few days ago and he was in there for ages which is fair because her desserts are amazing but he was acting really suspicious when he came out and he refused to share anything with Technoblade-“

He'd actually kept his promise of staying quiet about the conversation he had with Niki, Tommy was more than a little bit surprised and he was fairly certain that was apparent on his face but the villain couldn't find it in him to care.

“-Which I thought was weird so I decided to stay on patrol and see if anything happened and something did. A while after Wilbur left then 404 showed up, I tailed you and him for a while... and to make a long story short, I followed you back to the caravan.”

“So, wait, have you just been waiting for three days to set some traps?” Tommy asked incredulously, truthfully he was a little impressed with the amount of effort Tubbo had put

into his attempts to talk to him.

The upcoming hero shrugged in a way that almost appeared nervous, “As I said; I wanted a chance to talk to you.”

“Well, you’ve spoken to me,” That got Tommy an incredibly tight squeeze from Ranboo and the avian turned and raised an eyebrow at the enderman hybrid, “Ranboo, you can’t be serious.”

“Wait, I’ve pretty much known that Ranboo has lived with villains since the first day I met him!” Tubbo suddenly blurted out as if to stop the villain from getting up and leaving, and Tommy was ashamed to admit that caught his attention, “He’s not the most discreet in the world and, uh, I did kind of peek at his memory book once or twice.”

“-But I never said anything to Phil, Wil or Techno! You can trust me,” Tubbo faltered for a second, “Theseus, please.”

Tommy froze, for a second he felt as if the entire world around him had frozen too, he could see his own hitched breath hanging in the air. “Tommy,” He corrected with a sharpness but he stopped trying to move.

“Tommy, I think I might be wrong,” Tubbo admitted, his brown curls falling in front of his face as he lowered his head towards the villain almost as if he was ashamed by his own admission, “As I said I followed you back to the caravan and I saw the way the ‘feared’ villains were with you and it just, it didn’t, it didn’t match up with what I’d been told.”

Tommy let out a noticeable exhale from his nose, akin to a snort, albeit he was a little surprised by the upcoming hero’s admission but that didn’t lessen the bitterness lying thick on his tongue and it didn’t stop him from backing further into Ranboo when Tubbo took a seat on the ground next to the avian.

“You always wanted to be a hero, Theseu- Tommy,” Tubbo corrected himself this time, “That was always your goal, wasn’t it?” The shulker hybrid sighed softly, “But then you go and do the opposite to that-”

The beep of a communicator pulled them out of the intense eye contact that truthfully had been making Tommy rather uncomfortable, he felt as though he could breathe steadily again. The shulker tried to shield his communicator as he struggled to read the message displayed on the screen, mouthing the words as he read them. That somehow irritated the villain, he made a grab for the device, “Just what the fuck would a hero like you be trying to hide?” He asked, managing to yank the communicator out of Tubbo’s grip — Tubbo failing to get his armour up in time — and his heart dropped.

He had been an idiot, of course he’d been on guard the entire time but he should have tried to wrestle his way out of Tubbo’s grasp or he should never have gone in the first place, the upcoming hero had been trying to distract him. He hadn’t wanted to talk to Tommy, he had brought him here with an intent, of course he had. A sourness formed on his face and Tubbo could feel the glare all the way to his core. He hadn’t even realised that he’d gotten to his feet.

“I, I didn’t know they were tracking me,” He tried as the communicator beeped again as if to argue against him, “Theseus, I seriously did just want to talk. I just want to know why you changed. You wanted to be the hero so badly and now-” The communicator continued to beep and Tommy threw it at the upcoming hero’s feet.

The device shattered but that didn’t matter, the damage was already done, he glanced towards Ranboo but the enderman hybrid was glaring at Tubbo with a ferocity that he’d never seen before.

“You betrayed me *again*,” Tommy hissed, anger and hurt oozing from his words, his eyes flashed frantically side to side as if trying to prepare for an oncoming threat.

“How did I betray you in the first place?” Tubbo spat out, “I wanted to come with you and you left, you fucking ran away, Theseus. I thought that it was you and me against the world but then you left me.”

“And you replaced me!”

“You always acted like you were better than me,” Tubbo snarled, the upcoming hero’s armour coating his entire skin a deep purple, as he raised to his feet, “Because you were the son of the almighty Crow Father, not that you could fucking tell anyone other than me that.”

Tommy didn’t mean what left his mouth next, he was seeing pure red, “Because I am better than you!”

“Then why were you so easy to replace?” Tubbo should stop when he’s ahead, he knew that but an edge coated his words, twisting the knife further into the villain’s heart, “Why were you so easy for them to ignore? Why were you easy for them to get rid of?” The words left him breathless, “And, Theseus, tell me why they never *loved* you to begin with?”

“You need to tell someone about this,” Tubbo pestered as he dipped the dirty rag back into the water, cleaning the crusted blood from under Tommy’s eye, “Your dad would do something about it, surely.”

Theseus laughed lightly, biting back a wince as the rag touched his wound again, “Mentioning my dad is what got me into this mess in the first place, Tubso, and anyway y’know what it’s like; nobody believes the kid in foster care.” He shrugged slightly, worryingly unbothered and that broke Tubbo’s heart.

“Hey,” He poked Tubbo’s face and forced his usual bright smile, “Don’t look so down, big man, we’ll be out of here once we turn eighteen and we’ll make our hero debut, it’ll be awesome.” And Tubbo, without even meaning to, found himself matching his best friend’s smile. “Dad will be so proud of me that he will have to come and take me home and then I’ll convince him to take you home too!”

“You want me to come too?”

“Tubs, are you an idiot?” Theseus laughed but there was no bite behind his words, he elbowed his best friend in the ribs, “It’s me and you against the world, Theseus and Tubbo, of course I want you to come with me!”

Tubbo felt his smile grow tenfold, “Well in that case, I was going to save this for your birthday but-” His smile turned into a rather cheeky and planning grin, “Close your eyes!”

“If you dump the bucket of water on me-” He didn’t even get to finish his threat as Tubbo hushed him and forced the blond to give him his arm, Theseus groaned and complained but he did comply, as he felt something being wrapped rather tightly and firmly around his wrist. “Okay, you can open them!”

Tied around his wrist was a green bandana, Theseus raised an eyebrow in confusion at Tubbo, “Don’t think I’m not grateful but isn’t green more of your colour?”

Tubbo, instead of answering immediately, flashed his own wrist to the blond and showed him the matching red bandana that was tied just as securely around it. “That way even if we’re not physically together then we’ll always have a part of each other with us, it’s a sign of our friendship.” He smirked and went to grab Theseus’ wrist again, “But if you don’t like it-”

“No, no, I’ll keep it,” The blond protested, “It’s rude to take a gift back.” He stuck his tongue out at his best friend and Tubbo only laughed in response as he tackled his best friend, knocking the bucket of water over on their bed, soaking the sheets meaning that they would definitely have to change them.

“That was your fault,” Theseus groaned, “You’re changing it.” He stood up grumpily but Tubbo only shrugged and stripped the rather thin sheet off of the mattress and disregarded it onto the floor to be dealt with later.

And threw himself back at Theseus tackling the blond onto the only slightly damp mattress, “We could totally make the bandanas part of our hero outfits!” He declared happily and he watched as his best friend’s expression changed from one of slight irritation to fondness and he nodded in agreement. He spread his arms out across the bed, whacking Tommy in the face and frowned when he heard the boy wince at Tubbo’s arm brushing against the wound, an apology away to leave his lips but instead; “Why do you want to be a hero so badly?” Was what had escaped instead.

Usually Theseus would answer by saying heroes are awesome or his plan to have his Dad take him back but instead he sighed heavily, "I want to prove myself, Tubs, I want to make my family proud of me. Y'know I don't think they ever loved me, they told me I wasn't fit to be a hero but maybe if I could prove them wrong then they'll realise that they were wrong. Dad will finally be proud of me." The hope in his voice was enough to make Tubbo realise that he would do anything to stop that hope from dying even if it meant fighting the top hero himself.

"What did he do to you?" Tubbo asked gently, he was somewhat dreading the answer that Theseus would give, "He didn't smack you around like Liam does, did he?"

Theseus almost looked offended at the suggestion, as if the top hero would do something like that, "They ignored me." It came out sounding childish but Theseus was only a kid, he was only twelve, and he didn't have the words to explain properly.

Ranboo tightly holding Tommy's hand, "We've been compromised," He was telling the villain, he knew they couldn't go back to the caravan, even if Tubbo claimed he hadn't told anyone else that was a risk he wasn't willing to make, "We've got to find Dream." He was trying to coax Tommy to move but all the villain could do was constantly hear the upcoming hero's words on loop around him.

The upcoming hero's eyes landed on the bandana wrapped tightly around his wrist and a frowned formed on his face, an apology wasn't enough, he whipped his head around so that he was no longer facing the villain and his best friend, "It's only Technoblade, get out of here and I'll say that you escaped."

Ranboo nodded towards Tubbo and wrapped his arms around Tommy, the avian held tightly against his chest barely making a sound, "Hang on tight," He murmured as the two of them disappeared in a flurry of particles leaving the upcoming hero alone on the roof to come up with an excuse. They had to find Dream.

Chapter End Notes

Hello!!

Liam is just a random name I used for the man who, at this point in the flashback, is trying to foster Tommy and is not supposed to be any pre-existing character within the SMP

Enjoy the fluff at the beginning because it might be the last pure fluff for a while (maybe not, we'll find out) but y'all will get to see why this fic has protective dream tag in its full glory soon enough

So yes Tubbo and Tommy did actually used to be very close friends but Tommy likes to pretend that he doesn't know Tubbo because he changed so much since becoming a hero (in his opinion) also I will say; Tubbo's admission to thinking he might be wrong is true but please feel free to theorise if you think he's telling the truth about not knowing that he was being tracked.

Also yes I made Tubbo a shulker hybrid but i thought he would make his own wings - i mean the man can literally make nukes

If you recognise the reference within Tommy and Tubbo's fight then I love you /p

We're finding out somewhat more with SBI but there is still a lot underlying, keep in mind The Dream Team are the only people Tommy has told everything too :]

This chapter took me so long to write, I've been rewriting it for ages so I hope you enjoy it, I promise the next one will be a lot stronger and things are away to pick up the pace quite a bit so be prepared.

Also everyone has been so nice whilst I've been writing this, you all are so cool! Hope you have a fantastic day!

Any kudos, comments, bookmarks or even just you reading is deeply appreciated!

Until Next Time
:]

Get yourself a friend who can teleport (warning; may come back to bite you)

Chapter Summary

Good easily fades away

alliumduo enjoyers you may like the first half of this chapter also longest chapter in the fic so far!!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

He'd been crying again. Ranboo couldn't actually recall doing so but the fresh burn scars on his face told him what his mind could not. He wiped at his face with the back of his hand, sighing heavily as he tried to pull the thin blanket closer in an attempt to trap some warmth. He couldn't remember how long it had been but each day felt as though it was stretched to the thinnest degree, that thought alone was enough to make him feel as if he was going to sob again.

Ranboo wanted to pull the blanket over his head and hide from the world when he heard frantic footsteps running in his direction and that was never a good sign, he wrapped himself up tightly and held his breath, hoping whoever it was would simply pass by.

"Hey, mind if I hide out here for a bit?" A voice asked and Ranboo supposed he could never be so lucky, he frowned and looked up at the intruder. Panting rather heavily leaned against the broken door-frame was a boy who Ranboo was pretty sure was younger than him, he had a bird's nest of blond hair and was wearing a bright red hoodie which hung overly baggy on him, he had multicoloured band-aids covering his face and a green bandana hanging around his neck and burgundy wings fluttering against his back. Ranboo simply shrugged in response, he didn't know what to make of this random boy.

"Not much of a talker?" The boy was persistent as he took a seat next to the enderman hybrid and grinned at him, "I'm Tommy!" He introduced himself and Ranboo felt as though

he'd never felt the sun before now, the way that this boy glowed. He felt his guard drop just a little.

"Ranboo," He introduced, holding his hand out awkwardly with a sheepish smile curling onto his lips and that sent the blond into a fit of laughter, not cruel laughter that seemed to haunt the enderman hybrid's nightmares but laughter of joy, he took Ranboo's hand and shook it vigorously.

"Well it's nice to meet you, Ranboob!" Tommy cackled, seeming way too pleased with his own joke but there didn't seem to be any malicious nature behind it, playful and teasing. Ranboo responded by elbowing the boy sharply in the ribs causing him to wheeze more.

Ranboo rolled his eyes so hard that he thought that he was going to manage to roll them straight into the back of his head, that would be rather impressive, but he decided to move on from the topic of names before Tommy decided to give him anymore nicknames, "What are you running from?"

"Oh," Tommy's lips twisted into a wicked grin and mischief twinkled behind his eyes, he dug into his hoodie pocket and held up a very tiny item to present to Ranboo, "Harmony's guitar pick." He held it in between two forefingers and Ranboo was starting to realise that this boy may not be someone he should get involved with but it would be a lie if he said that he wasn't somewhat intrigued — later he would be told by Tommy that he was actually the one who had gifted Harmony the guitar pick in the first place — because the boy had managed to steal Harmony's prized guitar pick.

He had to admit that he was a little shocked with just how freely Tommy had admitted that he'd stolen something from one of the top heroes and he found himself the slightest bit impressed and curious as to how the boy would have been able to pull that off. Harmony had said in countless interviews how he was very wary where he put the item if he ever even put it down. "So you're running from the heroes then?" He asked, realising that Tommy hadn't actually answered his question.

"Well only Harmony, really," Tommy answered nonchalantly as if he wasn't running away from a hero and instead was playing hide or seek, "Crow Father and Technoblade are dealing with The Dream Team." He flashed Ranboo an even wider grin, which the enderman hybrid didn't even think was possible, and despite the fact that it was so clear that he was trouble Ranboo felt himself relax.

How long had it been since he'd just sat and had a chat with somebody? Ranboo couldn't remember but somehow he fell into a comfortable conversation with Tommy. He felt himself relax and for once it felt as if he was just sitting on the doorstep to the broken-down house that he couldn't bring himself to remember the painful memories of.

Tommy lightly hit him on his side with his wing and grinned at the boy, "Hey, I've got to go for today because that's my, uh, brother calling for me." He stuttered slightly midway through his sentence, tripping over his words and Ranboo watched his face turn a light shade of pink for a reason that the enderman hybrid couldn't determine but he felt his own smile drop slightly, he couldn't recall when he'd last had this much fun.

But apparently the avian must have noticed as he bumped Ranboo with his wing once more and chuckled, "Don't look so down, big man, I can come back and see you tomorrow if you'd like?"

And Ranboo found that he did like that idea, quite a lot, as he nodded before even realising and Tommy's grin twisted into a smirk whilst he leapt to his feet, pocketing the guitar pick once more and touching something nestled within his ear, words that Ranboo couldn't quite remember anymore, before turning and waving towards the enderman hybrid.

Ranboo felt cold without his presence.

He hadn't actually expected Tommy to keep to his word, he believed that the avian had simply taken pity on him, however it seemed as if the blond was one to keep his word.

It seemed to be some sort of a routine, Tommy would seek refuge in Ranboo's 'home' whilst carrying something that the enderman hybrid was certain that he'd stolen and they would talk until Tommy jumped up to leave. The avian proved to be good company and he definitely had plenty of stories and within the first week of visiting he had confessed his villain title to Ranboo, who didn't seem very surprised and cared even less.

Instead they moved on in conversation, almost speed-running the levels of friendship as Ranboo confined within Tommy as the avian did with him, the enderman hybrid confessing that he knew this destroyed home which he inhabited and spent most days sitting outside of had once been his home, how he woke up most mornings with tell-tale scars that made it clear he'd been crying in the night (water burning his skin) but he couldn't remember why. He'd expected the avian to insult him and then leave, think he was a weirdo, but instead Tommy had only chuckled and elbowed Ranboo lightly, making some dumb joke that the enderman hybrid couldn't remember but he did remember that for once it wasn't someone making a joke at his expense.

Tommy lay against the enderman hybrid, seeming practically exhausted one day, a long forgotten item hidden within his hoodie pocket as Ranboo braided his hair gently. "You know, Tommy, you remind me of the sun," He mused, not even aware that he was speaking out loud, he could only think of that bright smile that had pulled him out of a seemingly endless funk one day — although he still suffered with the nightmares, they seemed to have lessened slightly — and had become a glowing presence in his life.

The avian didn't respond for a moment, turning Ranboo's words over in his head, and for a second the enderman thought he'd messed up the first friendship he'd ever had with such a stupid statement but instead; "Well, if I'm the sun, Rans, then that makes you the moon." Tommy was smiling, of course he was, but not his regular shit-eating grin but something softer — he didn't add, although later Ranboo would come to agree, that The Dream Team were the stars in their galaxy and how Ranboo had hoped so desperately that Tubbo could've become one too — although he would deny it if asked.

Ranboo was sure that he was going to respond but the words never left his throat as a man, rather tall, came sprinting down the alleyway similar to how Tommy had, a mask obscuring his features and a netherite axe swung over his shoulder. "Toms," The man, who Ranboo recognised as Dream — the villain of the city — the feared whispers of a man in a mask imprinted with a smile echoing at the front of his memory, panted.

The big scary villain of the city leaned down and rested a hand against Tommy's shoulder, apparently not seeing Ranboo, as he practically collapsed against the ground, "George and Sapnap are definitely improving," He got out through the pants, out of breath from having ran across the city during another manhunt, but that is when he appeared to notice Ranboo but instead of seeming on edge at a stranger, instead he held his hand out towards the enderman hybrid, "You must be Ranboo then, I'm Dream, Toms here has told us a lot about his new best friend." A teasing tone arising in his voice as Tommy promptly bumped Dream with his wing rather harshly.

Ranboo knew that he should probably be intimidated and he should probably be wary of this villain that everyone seemed so afraid of but seeing the way that the masked villain had fallen into a war of constant elbowing back and forth with Tommy, well, it wasn't very intimidating so instead he shook Dream's hand and didn't ask for him to leave.

The enderman hybrid noticed how Tommy pulled his knees up to his chest to rest his head on the top whilst he listened to Dream spin his story of the manhunt and how he'd outran his hunters through the city, both Ranboo and the avian adding their own opinions and questions from time to time.

It was over all too soon as that earpiece crackled away and Dream rose to his feet gesturing for Tommy to do the same, only it was different this time, as Dream turned to Ranboo and cocked his head to the side, "Toms, told me that this is your home but-" He gestured to the destroyed building surrounding them as the walls could barely be considered a cover from the harsh weather of the outside world.

"-It's fucking shit," Tommy substituted, his blue eyes shimmering with that mischievous nature that Ranboo has grown to recognise immediately, seeming to catch onto where Dream was going with this.

Ranboo felt the urge to defend his home but as the old wood rotted away and a stray plank almost as if it was on a timer fell behind him, any protest he could have made would have fallen on deaf ears.

"As I was trying to say," Dream continued, leaning his elbows on top of Tommy's head — not enough to hurt but enough to distract the boy with trying to push the masked villain off — "This place clearly isn't the best and we have way too much room at the den-" That was a lie, "How would you like to move in with us?"

Once again Ranboo went to protest, not wanting to be too much of a bother towards his best friend and — hopefully — new friend, but Tommy shut him down immediately, "Trust me, I'm starting to believe that Dream is trying to fuckin' rehome poor unfortunate kids as if he's collecting pokémon cards, you're not going to be a bother at all plus are you saying that you don't want to have constant sleepovers with your best friend?" He held a way too innocent smile on his face and a playful tease towards Dream's soft heart.

“You were different, if I hadn’t helped you then you literally would have died,” Dream protested and the enderman hybrid could practically hear the eye roll from behind the mask.

“The technicalities are not important.”

That earned him a flick on the nose from the masked villain.

And, well, Ranboo found that he couldn’t exactly reject the offer. He would have a new place to call his home, a new place to make memories and the potential to make more friends.

“-I need you to fuckin’ answer me!”

Tommy was shaking Ranboo’s shoulders as the enderman hybrid came crashing back into reality, his head hurting from the side effects of teleportation but he still had two at most left in him, and he noticed an uncharacteristic seriousness painted onto the avian’s features. He blinked until his vision fully steadied.

“Ranboo,” He sounded vulnerable, once again uncharacteristic and the enderman hybrid felt a worry beginning to fester, “Did you know that Tubbo was going to tell the heroes where I was?” And he knew that Tommy meant for the question to sound demanding but instead it just sounded like a plea.

Truthfully, Ranboo wasn’t even sure if Tubbo, himself, had meant for the heroes to find out where he was — although he wasn’t entirely convinced that hadn’t spawned from him *wanting* to believe that Tubbo wouldn’t betray him, not when he had wanted Tommy and Tubbo to be friends for so long — but he could at least answer Tommy’s question.

“No,” He answered with conviction and he watched as the avian noticeably relaxed, his shoulders less taught, as he let out a sigh of relief. He watched the insecurities and fear melt away and Ranboo realised in that moment just how much the avian trusted his word — even if he would deny it.

Tommy laughed, “Well, it wasn’t as if I expected you to betray me anyways, Ranboob.” He lightly elbowed the enderman hybrid in the ribs. He then shook his head and sighed, stretching his arms high above his head so that the bones would crack loudly at the action, “Anyways, we’ve been compromised which is kinda bullshit.”

“It’s not the best situation,” Ranboo replied awkwardly, his head still banging in pain, “I don’t even think we can go back to the caravan.”

“And I, uh, kinda left my earpiece in the caravan,” Tommy confessed, rubbing the back of his neck sheepishly, “That’s sort of how I walked into the trap, I wasn’t paying attention.”

The enderman hybrid wasn’t even surprised honestly, he had to admit until today he’d had a lot more faith that Tommy wouldn’t step into a trap that was created for animals but that was almost completely gone now, so instead he shook his head with a fondness. “We should probably find The Dream Team though and tell them then considering we can’t contact them,” Ranboo was away to question how they were going to hunt the villains down though because the city wasn’t exactly tiny.

However, it appeared as if Prime was smiling down on him (well in a way) because as an answer to his question they both saw a large wall of flames burst into life not too far away.

“That’s got to be Sapnap,” Tommy nodded towards the enderman hybrid, he could practically hear the wicked smirk growing on the avian’s lips but he could also hear the relief lightening his words, “You ready to run?”

Ranboo rolled his eyes, he knew with Tommy’s avian abilities he could run slightly faster than the average person — it seemed to be the only one of his abilities that he would actually speak about — and that the enderman hybrid was definitely not as fast as him, but then a realisation caused him to smirk playfully. “Why run when we can *teleport*? ” He shrugged as the purple particles that seemed to constantly be on the enderman’s tail flickered around his body, he tilted his head to the side similar to that of a cat but his smirk mirrored the Cheshire cat’s. He had two uses left before he made himself ill, that meant one to get to The Dream Team and a back-up in case something went wrong.

Tommy pantomimed considering the offer but the sparkles in his eyes gave away his answer before he even had to say it; he took Ranboo's outstretched hand and the particles filled his vision, blinking purples and the red, green and golden blur of his best friend being all he could see. He could hear the avian holding his breath next to him, could sense the panic even if Tommy wasn't voicing it out loud, he simply squeezed tighter trying to be reassuring but in the blur of reality he wasn't exactly sure how successful he was.

Red flames bursting at the seams with life surrounded them but slowly seemed to be collapsing, the wall not doing much to hold up against the oncoming threat, Sapnap was sweating — his entire body engulfed within the flames — and he was definitely swearing, rather creatively to be completely honest and Tommy knew that this had changed into something a lot bigger than a simple manhunt. He caught sight of the avian over his shoulder and flashed him a forced, too-wide, smile as if trying to reassure his fellow villain that he had this under control.

Dream wasn't in a much better state, the man was trying to compose himself, leaned over and panting heavily as if desperately trying to regain his lost breath. George had a hand rested on the masked villain's shoulder and was trying to help ground him. The wall of flames significantly lowered around them, the heroes on the opposing side letting out a triumphant whoop and Tommy was certain that there was taunting but it was all too loud.

"Toms, why are you here?" The masked villain asked, apparently only now noticing the teenager, the tell-tale tone of concern coating his words directed towards him.

Tommy wanted nothing more to dash to the villain's side and tell him everything that had just happened with Tubbo; how he'd naively believed that the upcoming hero wasn't going to sell him out, how he'd jeopardised them, how he didn't know how they were going to get home but those cries never came as he realised that The Dream Team were losing.

This wasn't a fight that they were winning and Tommy's breath caught in his throat as the flames protecting them fell, he'd never believed that The Dream Team could lose a fight, but perhaps that had been because the heroes had never gone after them with such ferocity but since he'd revealed himself-

He was sure that Dream was shouting something at him, he couldn't hear the masked villain's words, as he locked eyes with Crow Father. His wings brought with them a large gust of wind which blew out the remains of the flames and a deceptively soft smile formed on the hero's lips.

"Dream," Crow Father spoke, a disapproving tone that Tommy hadn't heard in years delivered his words, "Did you really think it was responsible to bring a teenager into the middle of this? To bring my *son* into our battles?"

The masked villain snarled and the noise was almost animalistic in nature, it didn't startle Tommy though nor did it scare him as he knew the noise was reserved for the top hero but there was such hatred behind it, he didn't raise to the bait though because to do so would be claiming that Tommy was Crow Father's son and Dream wouldn't do that.

Wilbur was watching the display with a sickly sweet smile plastered onto his features, if Tommy hadn't known them as well as he did he would have misplaced it for care, his guitar was in his arms and the head was pointing at the avian almost as a warning.

"Theseus," Crow Father crooned and that alone was enough to cause Tommy to stiffen, his wings twitching nervously behind his back, "You can come home now."

The haze was overwhelming, he felt as though he was going to suffocate under it, a chirp pushing at the front of his lips wanting to escape due to a tone that was so unsettling familiar and the offer of what he'd been wanting for years, his entire body felt heavy and-

"Toms," Dream's stupid nickname for him broke through the forming fog, he could tell the masked villain was fighting to stop himself from shouting trying to keep his voice level, "You don't need to listen to him."

"You need to get out of here," Sapnap shouted but shouts were more natural from the blaze hybrid who was trying to be heard against the howling wind trying to blow out his own flames, the gush from Crow Father's wings wrapping around Sapnap effectively trapping him against its cold air as the blaze hybrid wrestled against it but his flames were being blown out as fast as he could form them, his words a warning towards the avian.

Wilbur chuckled, “This would be sweet if I actually believed it.” The hero strummed a few stray randomised strings on his guitar, a sweet melody filling the air, as astral music notes hummed through the air, sweeping the masked villain off his feet and holding him despite Dream’s best attempts — Tommy could help but think if he hadn’t been so distracted with trying to help him then he would have had more time to react — and curling around him like a snake.

Ranboo was by Tommy’s side but the avian knew he wouldn’t, couldn’t, do anything because that would be picking a side; the heroes or the villains and that would go against everything that the enderman hybrid had ever told Tommy but his presence was still somewhat comforting. His mind still a haze but he could see through the fog, for now at least, as he scrambled to pull his knife out.

None of the avian’s abilities were going to be much use in this fight, they were on the ground so slow-fall meant nothing, being able to outrun the heroes meant nothing if Tommy wasn’t planning on running and being bound to veganism certainly wasn’t going to help in a fight. He was weak, he couldn’t do anything to help ~~his friends~~ his family and he quite honestly wanted to cry but he was too big of a man to do that (he could practically hear Dream telling him that big men do cry).

“We’re the good guys, Thes, they’re the bad guys.” Wilbur spoke matter-of-factly, as if he really believed the words that were leaving his mouth. Tommy felt himself flinch instinctively at the use of the old nickname.

He was away to speak, hopefully argue with Wilbur’s words, when he heard the mechanical whirr of those wings from earlier. His head snapped around and approaching was Technoblade, Tommy would say that he seemed unfazed but the faux pig skull mask he wore obscured his facial features, and trailing rather guiltily behind him only a few inches off of the ground was Tubbo. He didn’t look up to meet the avian’s gaze.

“It’s been a long time, kid,” Technoblade greeted casually, “Thought you were smarter than to surround yourself with villains.”

He was certain that this entire encounter Dream had been yelling for Tommy to get out of there, Sapnap had been fighting against the harsh blows of the wind containing him and George was trying to stay steady on his feet due to the earlier usage of his power. The Dream

Team really was losing — and a traitorous part of Tommy kept repeating that it was his fault — because Tommy couldn't see how they were going to get out of this.

“I think he's gone *soft* for the villains, as to be expected if they've been manipulating him for as long as they have, but perhaps an offer might be better in that case,” Wilbur shrugged, throwing his suggestion towards Crow Father who seemed to like the idea.

“Well, mate, we can't not take the villains who have been plaguing our city for a few years now in but,” That smirk never left his face and Tommy already felt as if he'd lost, “If you come with us willingly, my son, then we promise that no harm will come to them.” He remembered the connections the heroes had in the prison and he almost scoffed at the idea that these three were supposed to be heroes. “Theseus, we just want you to come home, you've proven yourself enough.”

This wasn't what he wanted but-

He watched almost helplessly as Tubbo was sent to keep George in his vice-like grasp and although the tired villain tried to push the upcoming hero away, his attempts were to no avail. Dream was struggling against the astral music notes, straining against his skin, his protests made through gritted teeth which wasn't all that convincing. Sapnap's protests were a lot more brutal but lacked his usual fire.

“Fine, I'll accept your dumb fuckin' deal,” Tommy sighed, defeated, the knife he'd grabbed doing nothing but hanging low from his hand, not quite dropped but getting close.

“I know you would see reason, Theseus,” Crow Father sounded approving, as if Tommy had simply ran away from home when in reality it was so much more, “Techno, do you think you could escort him so that he doesn't get cold feet?”

“Tommy, you're not going with them,” Dream yelled, it sounded painful as he fought against his prison of notes, managing to free one hand as he flickered his fingers out and long green lines stretched to a nearby sign hanging from an almost completely building — puppet strings — as he yanked the item to land in between Tommy and Techno, momentarily preventing the hero on his pursuit, enough for an understanding to be formed between Ranboo and Dream.

The enderman hybrid stood in front of Tommy, his tall form covering the avian, he tried to keep his nerve but his nervous nature was as present as always. Tommy, his first friend, was not going back, Ranboo had calmed the boy down from too many panic attacks and too many whispered confessions to let Tommy walk straight back into that. His eyes narrowed warningly at the pig hero.

“Now, Ranboo,” Techno spoke up, his tone staying causal, “I thought you didn’t like picking sides, if you do this then that’ll be picking a side.”

Ranboo didn’t waver, “I’m not picking a side, I’m picking a person.” He had one last teleportation in him and he noticed as the three heroes went to lunge at them within the flurry of particles taking over, the upcoming hero accidentally getting in Wilbur’s way causing Crow Father to be stopped. Techno’s hands grabbed but found nothing solid as the two were gone.

The Dream Team may have lost the fight but they won what was most important to them. The three villains relaxed — as much as they could given their current predicament — knowing that Tommy was safe.

Tommy thrashed mercilessly in Ranboo’s grasp, the enderman hybrid avoiding the flinging knife, he was screaming, begging for Ranboo to take them back but even if he wanted to the enderman hybrid couldn’t push himself any further. He was certain that the avian was telling Ranboo that he hated him but he wasn’t exactly taking it to heart.

Eventually, after what felt like centuries of purple blurs, Tommy began to calm. Ranboo hugged him, trying to ground them both, as the avian exhaustedly murmured against the enderman hybrid’s protective hold, “I want to go home.”

“I know, I do too.”

Hello!!

Disclaimer: the joke tommy makes towards Dream is in the same vain as the ‘Phil, you can’t keep adopting kids’ type jokes :]

If characters aren’t best friends then why are characters sun and moon? (also something about Tommy being the sun whilst having an interest in the stars :))

This is the longest chapter i’ve written so far and i hope you all liked it, things are away to get a lot more intense — The Dream Team have been captured by SBI but they still consider that they won because Tommy is safe with Ranboo, right?

Slight power reveal and hints towards powers and when Tommy says he want some to go home; he means The Den :’)

I loved all of the comments you guys left in the last chapter, seeing reactions is heartwarming, big love for you all /p but it was funny to see how mad people were at Tubbo

I hope you have a fantastic day and as always any kudos, comments, bookmarks or even just you reading is deeply appreciated!

Until Next Time
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Interrogations are to be expected

Chapter Summary

We're all villains

Short chapter and I apologise for the somewhat late update but Dream and Techno chapter

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream wasn't sure when exactly he'd lost consciousness. All he knows is that he must have given that he was waking up with his head pounding. His eyes warily scanned his new and unfamiliar environment, a sigh escaping him as he realised that he was currently chained to a chair — seriously who just kept chains on hand? He was certain that he hadn't been out long enough for one of the heroes to take a trip to B&Q or something along those lines — and although chains alone wouldn't have been too much trouble, he'd gotten out of worst situations, he realised that the heavy metal was covering his hands not even giving him space to spread his fingers out. Well, that could be an issue. He was pretty powerless and he was convinced that the heroes weren't stupid enough to let him keep his axe either.

As if that wasn't enough to cause Dream to panic, he realised that his face felt significantly lighter and his vision wasn't tunneled, he was seeing clearer than he had in quite some time. His eyes landed on the smiling mask sitting in the centre of the table staring back at him, the smile mocking him. Of course, a frown formed on his lips, he should have guessed that he wouldn't even be permitted to keep at least one source of comfort.

At least Tommy had gotten away, the villain grasped at that thought with two hands and held it as tightly as he could, close to his heart, in order to try and ground himself and prevent himself from freaking out. He was exposed, he couldn't show weakness, he had to be cool, calm and collected. He'd played the role before and he could do it again but his attempt at a stoic expression softened as he remembered; a sharp elbow against his ribs and a familiar voice laughing and calling him an edgy bastard.

He tried to straighten the smile threatening to curve at his lips, neutral expression and stare forward, he tried to instruct himself as Dream became even more aware that his companions — his two best friends — currently weren't anywhere to be seen. That made sense, the room felt like an interrogation room, he couldn't expect to have Sapnap and George to fall back on.

A soft click of a door behind him followed promptly by a harsh slam — Dream was certain that it was some petty way to establish dominance — alerted him that he had a visitor. He schooled his expression into a more neutral one and tried to appear unbothered by the current situation.

The hero who walked around the table, knocking a fist into it and if Dream wasn't already awake then he certainly would've been after that noise, was definitely trying to intimidate the villain. He was strong, muscular and the part of his face which was exposed from his faux pig skull mask was marred with various battle scars.

He understood almost immediately the intention with sending Technoblade in to deal with Dream, when he'd wanted his start as a villain he had specifically targeted the blade hero due to believing his skill rivalled his own and due to Technoblade being the most ruthless, but the villain refused to let himself be intimidated — or at least he refused to show that he was intimidated.

“*Dream*,” Technoblade spat out the name as if it tasted bad in his mouth and to be fair it probably did, “I didn't think you were the type to recruit children.” His fists resting on the table, easy to raise at the villain but Dream kept his eyes from lingering on them — if he showed any weakness then he was done for — so instead he choked out a laugh but as the rhythmic laughter flew he found himself calming, his mind clear.

“Glass houses, Technoblade,” Dream couldn't stop the smirk from curving onto his lips and he jiggled his chained hands as if to mime wriggling his finger in the blade hero's face, “You're training Tubbo, aren't you?”

Technoblade didn't answer and he heard the hero take a sharp inhale and his smirk only grew — so much for a neutral expression, he supposed — and he rested his head against his chained hands. He waited for the hypocrisy, for the hero to claim that somehow that was different, but it never came.

“He’s only seventeen, isn’t he?” Dream pushed, recalling what information the interviews with the uprising hero had provided, “That’s the same age as Tommy, am I missing something here?” He leaned forward what little he could due to the chains, tilting his head to the side with that cheshire cat style smirk playing on his lips, taunting the hero. “If i’m guilty of recruiting children then you are too or does it not count because I’m the bad guy and you’re the good guys.”

He took victory in seeing Technoblade visibly draw back, the blade hero gritting his teeth and Dream found his eyes lingering on the netherite sword hanging from the hero’s hip that shone with enchantments, he had half-expected Technoblade to whack him over the head with the blunt side, demanding answers or for him to be silenced but that didn’t seem to be the style of this interrogation.

“Tubbo is being trained under Crow Father,” Techno, finally, answered each word being chosen deliberately and coming out slowly, “He couldn’t have gotten a better teacher.”

The villain rolled his eyes overdramatically, his tone blatantly dripping with dislike, “I don’t remember you mentioning anything about who was training the children, only that we were recruiting them, but if it’s the teacher that you have the problem with, well-“ He raised himself into his toes, tipping the chair that he was chained against into the table so he was as close to the hero as he could get, “I promise you *Phil* is worst than me.”

He could practically hear the cogs behind that mask and behind Technoblade’s obscured eyes whittling away, trying to figure out how the villain in front of him knew Crow Father’s name and attempting to keep a calm but threatening demeanour, Dream’s eyes staring holes through Technoblade and the hero was feeling as if he may as well be the maskless one out of the two of them.

“And just so you know, Tommy isn’t a villain,” Dream continued, “Not really, a thief maybe but not a villain.” He sounded more amused than anything, perhaps a layer of fondness, “I wouldn’t let the kid ruin his life like that.” That was why he had Tommy avoid wrecking the city, the closest thing he could be charged with if it came down to it was thievery and perhaps being an accomplice due to creating the plan to blow the hero agency up but only playing the role of the distraction, he’d refused to let the teenager go down a path that he couldn’t return from.

“Did you know-” The hero started, turning the words over in his head before continuing, “Did you know who Theseus was when you took him in?”

Dream knew that was an accusation, he was really being asked if he had been using Tommy simply to get to the heroes, but the villain managed to keep his cool and shook his head. “I thought he was a hero fanatic,” He chuckled fondly, barely able to stop his taunting smirk from twisting to match the fondness warming his heart.

The hero felt something bubbling at the pit of his stomach threatening to spill over, a feeling oddly akin to jealousy although he was certain that couldn’t be right, so instead he decided to grit his teeth underneath the mask to prevent him from grinding his jaw, “And if you had known who he was?”

The villain had to think about that — as much as he hated that he did — because as much as he would love to immediately shake his head and hiss with violence that he would never have used the avian, well, he wasn’t sure if that was exactly true. Dream hadn’t been too great of a guy before Tommy joined the villain’s ranks, his fellow villain companions refusing to stoop to quite the same level as Dream, but the teenager had changed his heart and changed his mind. He reminded him so much of *him* , that was enough.

“I would never have hurt him,” He answered, truthfully as the villain could not imagine a reality where he would, but he couldn’t stop hatred dripping from each word as it left his mouth. Green eyes narrowed, staring down masked ones, with a venom that Technoblade was convinced was trying to poison him.

“We didn’t *hurt* him,” The hero replied coolly and Dream decided that if his hands weren’t currently bound then he would have punched him by now, he sounded so convinced by his own bullshit.

Dream couldn’t prevent the eyeroll, sarcasm oozing from his words, “Of course not because you’re the heroes and we’re just some lowly villains who kidnapped a kid and manipulated him to turn against his family, his family who decided that he wasn’t good enough for them, his family who put their reputation above everything else, his family who-”

A harsh bang of a fist against the table caused Dream to chuckle humorlessly, “I can keep going if you’d like?” He was taking this as a victory, he was getting to the blade hero whom

until this point had seemed unreachable and the villain could see how hard he was trying to contain himself.

The position the villain was in was getting rather uncomfortable so he forced all his weight into his back in order to swing the chair back to its regular position, “You know I’m right. It’s why you hired Tubbo, isn’t it?”

Technoblade sighed heavily, “Do you even know how to shut up?” But he sounded defeated, tired, and Dream couldn’t help but wonder why — he hoped it was that his words were getting through to at least one of the heroes but this didn’t feel like that type of defeat — as he pulled out a chair and sat himself down in it across from the villain. The mask sitting between them, its smile taunting both of them. “He never knew how to shut up either,” The blade hero laughed lightly although it felt forced, “Would try to talk about shit for hours with me, it was not exactly the most pleasant of conversations or he would try to get me to tell him the worst word I knew whilst I was preparing the hounds.”

This... wasn’t what Dream was expecting, he listened to the hero sounding almost wistful and that definitely made the villain double-take slightly. He raised an eyebrow but he recalled Tommy telling him about Technoblade — he had been the lesser of three evils, so to speak, he hadn’t exactly done anything awful but he wasn’t exactly the most present in Tommy’s life either — and, well, he definitely hear the all too familiar ringing of the avian deciding to start a conversation about bowel movements or just having the worst ice-breakers under the sun.

The words left his lips before he even had the time to register them, “Did you know he’s afraid of the dark?” He didn’t want for the hero to react before continuing, “Claims that he isn’t because he’s such a big man but we keep a nightlight in his room. He said he’s always been scared of the dark, ever since he was a kid.” His real question was; did Technoblade ever take the time to learn?

And judging by the way the hero shook his head along with the story, he could assume the answer was no. It wasn’t that Dream was even surprised, Tommy had told him of the sleepless nights he’d spend in the penthouse with the heroes because he was scared that if he closed his eyes that the darkness surrounding him would consume him.

“Theseus is *my* brother, Dream,” Technoblade input after what felt like a century of silence.

There were a lot of responses that flickered through Dream's mind; "Then you should have acted like it," He responded, his voice unwavering but there was certainly a bite to his words.

The blade hero rose from his chair and Dream watched as he rested his hand on the hilt of the weapon resting against his hip. "Tubbo is coming to keep an eye on you whilst I go and talk to the rest of your *friends*," His voice void of any emotions as he tried to sweep any vulnerability that he may have shown in throughout their conversation under a rug, "Harmony and Crow Father also will want to talk to you at some point."

And he was left alone once more, hoping to himself that Tommy wasn't stupid enough to get himself caught.

Chapter End Notes

Hello!!

If there are any typos in this chapter I apologise cause I wrote most of it on my phone! I am sorry for it being slightly late I've been doing work for my classes cause they're due in about a week and slight health stuff (basically my nosebleeds a lot if I get stressed so been dealing with that)

This chapter may feel like a filler but I promise you there are hints hidden throughout - one freebie the him that Dream refers to when saying Tommy reminds him of someone isn't about himself

Also the lore we've had for the past few days holy shit, I'm on the edge of my seat and I'm super excited to see where that's going (me writing fluffy c!discduo whilst the actual lore is insane right now)

I also don't write Techno overly often because I always worry about getting his character wrong so oops if he's slightly ooc

Please feel free to drop any theories in the comments I adore seeing what you all are thinking! (and fanart is always welcome if anyone ever wants to make any!)

I hope you're having a fantastic day and as always; any kudos, comment, bookmark or even just you reading is deeply appreciated!

Until Next Time

:]

A bowl of pasta makes everything feel a little better

Chapter Summary

I'm not angry anymore, well sometimes I am

Bitterduo content because i said so and why is the bridge so important?

tw // drowning

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommy was stupid enough to get himself caught, however, he was not stupid enough to get himself apprehended. He rolled his eyes, “Mimimi,” He murmured under his breath, not listening to the two heroes — Badboyhalo and Skeppy — whom were currently trying to take him and Ranboo in. The enderman hybrid wasn’t much help in the current situation given that Ranboo was leaned against him as he was slightly wavy on his feet — despite having not reached his teleportation limit there were still drawbacks to using his power so closely together together, luckily it appeared to only be slight weakness and being unbalanced.

“No offence but you guys are pretty shit at this,” Tommy commented as the two heroes in front of him argued over how to bring the villain to justice, apparently the top ranking heroes had sent out a message for any patrolling heroes to try and apprehend the new villain if they caught sight of him, he raised his hands in defence whilst he watched Skeppy’s head whizz around to face the teenager with a ferocity that made Tommy back up slightly.

“Language!” The demon hero screamed as he pointed his finger at Tommy, Skeppy snickering in the background before Bad turned his attention back to the hero and they fell into a rather loud discussion about whether they should cuff the villain or not.

The avian had to admit it was a rather entertaining display to watch the two heroes failing to decide how to bring in two, relatively defenceless, teenagers. He made sure that Ranboo was holding onto him rather tightly and smirked towards Bad and Skeppy, “Well, it’s been wonderful but I’ve got places to be and a heist to plan,” His feet were already moving before Bad and Skeppy even had a chance to register that the villain they were supposed to be capturing was getting away.

His mind was rattling with ideas; they couldn't go back to the caravan — Tommy and Ranboo had already crossed that one out because they couldn't be certain that Tubbo wouldn't have mentioned The Dream Team's form of transport — which meant that there wasn't any way they were getting back to The Den tonight, no matter how badly Tommy wanted to go home, and that really only left one option for where the avian and enderman could go.

One of Ranboo's hands was intertwined with Tommy's whilst the other was keeping a hold of the avian's wing — per Tommy's own request and Ranboo's dismay — in order for the teenager to be certain that he didn't accidentally leave his best friend alone in the street. The busy crowds proved a helpful covering for the two teenagers, the crowd accumulating outside to try and learn what exactly had happened in the heart of the city and if they were finally safe from The Dream Team causing chaos, as they fully lost Bad and Skeppy.

That was why he jumped when he felt someone touch his arm, whipping his head around, he saw a cloaked figure. Red and blue eyes staring at him, the only facial feature visible but it was enough to alert Tommy to who this was, "C'mon." Jack urged as he nudged the two teens forward, "We'll head to Niki's."

Tommy wanted to ask what the fuck Jack was doing out in the open whilst the heroes were on such high alert but with the over looming threat that Bad and Skeppy could become competent heroes at any point — usually the hero duo were pretty good at getting their job done — it meant it wasn't exactly the best time for questions. Instead he followed the demon, Ranboo still clinging to him, occasionally mumbling something but Tommy's head was buzzing.

The sign hanging outside of the bakery read; *closed* but that sign had never really applied to Tommy, whereas Jack was about to knock on the door, he simply barged in. The familiar comforting ting of the bell alerting the owners that someone was in their premise.

Niki's face flashed with annoyance before it fell into an unreadable expression as her eyes darted from Tommy to Ranboo, who was still resting on his shoulder, and finally to Jack who had sheepishly followed the two teens in. Concern flooded her features and she immediately dashed over to inspect Ranboo, "Is it true?" Was all she asked and oddly Tommy was fairly

certain that he knew what she meant but it didn't seem to matter what his knowledge was as Jack answered first, his only answer being a firm nod.

Puffy was down the stairs in an instant, her rainbow hair tousled around her face, she looked as if she'd just woken up from a nap but nevertheless her eyes lit up when she caught sight of the three who had newly entered the bakery, a smile forming on her lips. "I'm going to guess that you're staying here tonight, then?" She asked. Her friendliness always made Tommy want to wilt, he felt as if he could fall apart right in front of her and she would never judge him but instead pull him tightly into a hug and reassure him that everything was going to be okay... and he'd believe her even if he knew it wasn't. The civilian who didn't care that she was surrounded by villains, she was similar to Ranboo in that sense, and that made Tommy feel safe.

Regularly he would have felt bad for intruding, although he would never admit that guilt out loud, he couldn't today as he took one look at Ranboo who was barely staying upright — despite having not gone over his limit there were still drawbacks to doing teleportations back to back with barely any time to rest — and he knew they weren't getting much further tonight. "You're going to be blessed with our, mostly my, company for tonight," He answered instead, a grin playing on his lips. He chose to ignore the concerned hushed whispers being exchanged between Niki and Jack behind him.

"Have you eaten yet?" Puffy asked and immediately Jack was jumping at the offer of free food — not that Tommy blamed him, anything made by either Niki or Puffy was always good — the conversation he was having with Niki long forgotten. Tommy truthfully didn't think he could stomach anything, the constant anxiety fizzing away threatening to overflow if he tried and he supposed guilt wasn't helping either, he didn't feel like he should eat until he knew The Dream Team were safe but that didn't mean he was going to force Ranboo to do the same. He denied the food for himself but insisted that the enderman hybrid should eat.

The avian pulled out a chair to one of the bakery's tables and sat Ranboo down, he was on the brink of falling asleep, making sure that his best friend was alright. "C'mon, big man, Captain Pussy is making you a meal, you can't eat it if you're falling asleep all over the table," He lightly elbowed Ranboo in the ribs, snickering slightly when he watched the enderman hybrid nearly jump out of his skin at the sudden contact. Blinking his two-toned eyes in a desperate attempt to stay awake. "You can sleep after you've eaten," Tommy promised. He didn't say anything as he felt Ranboo's tail wrap around his leg lazily as if to make sure the avian wasn't going anywhere.

Jack has since forgone his — rather ugly — cloak and had tossed it rather haphazardly over one of the chairs. The demon had fallen into a conversation with Niki and although Tommy was trying his hardest to block it out, he couldn't help but grip the sides of his seat a little tighter as he heard Dream's name being mentioned, he shouldn't just be sitting here twiddling his thumbs. His mind whispering sweet thorned truths as it told him that he was responsible for The Dream Team being captured and now he was hiding because he didn't have the guts to storm the penthouse — of course he knew where the heroes were, he *had* lived there for years — and the guilt only came crashing down harder as he knew Dream would have already torn the city apart if it were him, Sapnap could have burnt everything in sight down just to get to him and even George would've shown his fighting abilities but instead Tommy was just sitting idly in Niki's bakery.

His thoughts were cut off as a steaming hot bowl of pasta clanked against the table as it was put in front of Ranboo, the chimes of silver cutlery rubbing against each other, the smell invaded his nostrils. He heard the enderman hybrid's standard politeness as he forced himself to stay awake long enough to thank Puffy and dig in to the meal placed in front of him. "If you change your mind at any point, Tommy, there's extra in the fridge all you need to do is heat it up," Puffy told him as she ruffled his hair, "I even labelled it with your name so that Jack won't try to eat it." She shot the demon with a pointed look as an offended expression began to form on his face.

More than a few times Ranboo almost fell asleep head first into his pasta and Tommy was starting to think that George might have a competitor for being the person who sleeps the most in their group. "Ranboo, I will literally spoon feed you," The avian lightheartedly threatened at one point but that was enough to encourage the enderman hybrid to stay awake long enough to finish his meal.

Tommy looped the barely conscious Ranboo under his arms and sighed in mock exhaustion as he helped getting him up the stairs to where the guest room was. He frowned as he noticed only one bed but glancing down at his best friend he decided that Ranboo probably needed the comfort more than he did. He was certain that Ranboo was knocked out the second his head hit the soft pillow.

Niki, luckily, had a solution to the one bed situation — this unfortunately wasn't like The Den where they practically slept in a blanket fort that the teens shared — which was an old sleeping bag of hers. "It might be a little small," She commented as she took Tommy's height into consideration, "But it should be enough to keep you warm." And truthfully that was all he needed.

Not wanting to go back downstairs after sorting his sleeping arrangements because he knew that would come with questions about what had happened he decided instead that he would sleep or at least fake sleep until he actually managed it.

The panic has his heart pounding against his rib cage, His head feels heavy and the water is stinging his eyes, he's pretty sure that he's crying but he can't really tell. For once he's willing to give in and admit that he's a child, a child who doesn't want to die, if it means that somebody will come for him.

His lungs burning desperately wanting to inhale and he can no longer hold his breath. The second his lips part the cold water rushes in and he knows that any illusions he had of surviving are gone. He simply has to hope as the lack of oxygen carries away his thoughts that someone will come and retrieve him to his loved ones — if he ever had any loved ones to begin with.

He can't see anything, he's completely surrounded by darkness, he tries to wave his own hand in front of his face and he's certain that he's doing it but he can't see.

Hands plunged inwards, cutting through the thick neverending waves with ease, taking Tommy into their embrace and yanking his weakened body out of the murky depths. A voice muffled and distorted, he thinks they're reassuring Tommy that it'll all be okay. Oh, how wrong he's been.

The darkness surrounds him, it's engulfing him and Tommy is choking on the rapid intake of oxygen, his hands scramble up to his neck and he scratches at it. His chest is moving, faster than it should be but it's moving, he's breathing, he's alive. He can't see though and that shouldn't worry him as much as it does, through his speedrun of his brain trying to catch him up to where he is; he remembers that he's at Niki's bakery and that Ranboo is on the bed right above him. He knows that but he can't see it. His chest is moving faster and the air feels as thin as it did under the water, he's on land but he feels as if he's drowning, he desperately rushes to his feet — stumbling as he does so but miraculously not knocking anything over to wake up his sleeping best friend — and he escapes the small confines of the room.

The hallway is brightly lit, he almost collapsed to his knees within, he can hear the pitter-patter of rain beating down relentlessly on the roof. He can see again, which is a relief, but his feet feel as if they're moving on their own as he slips down the stairway avoiding the creaky stair — which he only knows cause he recalls Niki complaining about it — and quietly opens the bakery door with only the light ringing sound of the bell to alert someone of his departure.

Tommy doesn't go anywhere, instead he takes a seat on the ground with his back resting on the doorstep to the bakery, he throws his head back and lets the rain falling from the inky sky soak through him. It's heavy and merciless, he wonders if the clouds are mourning in some way, if they're emphatic towards him. The water hits his face yet he can still breathe, greedily taking breath after breath almost as if he's checking that he still can. The air fills and leaves his lungs easily and he feels high off the feeling, the pounding in his heart calming to its regular beat.

He felt the door of the bakery lightly push into his back as someone opened it and he expected it to be Niki or Puffy out to lecture him, something about this being the perfect way for him to catch a cold, but as he whipped his head around the protest died in his throat. Jack Manifold was standing in the doorway, Tommy's bowl of pasta steaming in his hands and the villain was convinced that the demon was trying to steal his food (it wasn't that he really cared but any excuse to give Jack shit, well, he would take it).

"I thought you might be hungry," Was instead what Jack said as he forced the door open enough for him to get through and sat on the soaked ground next to Tommy, wrestling the bowl into the teenager's hands.

"Aren't you going to tell me to come inside or some shit?" The avian asked, arching an eyebrow at the demon, his hands cupping around the steaming bowl, the heat being a stark contrast to the icy rain dripping down his back.

"Would you even listen to me if I did?" Jack mused and Tommy had to admit he was right as he shook his head. "What are you going to do?" He asked and Tommy didn't need to ask the demon what exactly he was talking about.

Tommy sighed, chewing on a piece of pasta thoughtfully, "I've got to go after them, you know that, don't you?" The guilt was rearing its ugly head again as he avoided Jack's eye, "I

felt grateful for Ranboo getting me out of there truthfully but I didn't want to leave them either."

"If I know The Dream Team, and I do... briefly from the short encounters I've had with them, they're not going to blame you, Tommy, they're going to be more worried about whether you're safe or not."

The awkward sound of chewing filled the air again and Jack knew that Tommy was doing it slowly deliberately, he could see the guilt threatening to bleed into the avian's expression, the demon sighed heavily and reached a hand in front of him as if trying to catch the droplets of rain as they fell, "It's raining as badly as it was that day, the day you broke me out." Reminiscent and thoughtful, he turns his hand as the rain soaks his skin, "You were the last person I expected to see breaking me out of that cell, y'know?"

Tommy hummed noncommittally and shrugged, "It was my fault that you were in there, wasn't it? I had a chance to make things right so I did." It said it as if it was the most obvious thing in the world, shovelling down more pasta as he did so, the warm food setting his body ablaze as he barely registered the cold despite being soaked to the bone. He edged slightly closer to the demon who was radiating heat due to his hellish nature, not quite as warm or comforting as Sapnap's but it was enough.

"I nearly *killed* you," Jack stressed but the avian simply shrugged again in response, worryingly uncaring, and the demon wanted to take Tommy by the shoulders and shake him, "You're impossible." He huffed instead causing the villain to snicker, his mood seeming to have improved and Jack took that as a win although he wouldn't vocalise his softness for Tommy out loud. "You've changed a lot."

"Well, it's as some prick once told me; people change like the tides in the ocean."

"Wasn't it Dream who told you that?"

"--As I said some prick--"

Jack rolled his eyes but knew better than to bother arguing with Tommy because there wasn't any way that he could win. He could blink and see the teenager as the way he remembered him, the son of the heroes and brother of his old friend, he could imagine that small – he could claim annoying but both Jack and Niki had always found him endearing – kid whose wings hadn't yet sprouted (Jack hadn't even known Tommy was a hybrid until the teen had broken him out) and was determined to become the next top hero. He could still somewhat see the kid who had run into his arms seeking comfort after being told that he could never be a hero. But he had to admit that Tommy had changed, unfortunately his manners hadn't seemed to improve much as he saw the smear of pasta sauce around his face. "You really did change though," Jack repeated, slightly softer in tone than the first time.

"You changed first," Tommy retorted back childishly, wincing slightly as he remembered Wilbur and Niki's encounter in the bakery the week prior, "I never knew you were a fuckin' villian, apparently everyone else knew but I didn't! Not until the bridge..." He ran his hands through his soaked hair, wheezing his ponytail as if to wring it out despite that being useless in the current situation, he just needed to do something with his hands and the bowl was nearly finished.

Anger and guilt are two emotions which can easily blend together and in Jack's case they nearly always present themselves as a frown spilt onto his face without him even realising it, guilt because the avian sounded genuine but that didn't add up with the info that the demon knew. "Then why the fuck did you say in court that you had been trying to stop me and Niki then? Why did you tell the press that I was trying to use you as bait against your family?" Venom dripped from his questions, "I appreciate you breaking me out but it doesn't erase that. I got sentenced to life, I wouldn't have gotten out of there without you and Dream." He wasn't as angry about it as he had been originally whilst thinking he was going to rot in that cell, "I understand that you're a kid but I wasn't much older, Tommy." He'd almost killed the kid, that was true, and he regretted that and he knew Niki did too but-

"Are you done fuckin' monologuing? Because I don't know what the fuck you're talking about," The avian raised his eyebrow but his expression was bleeding into one of apparent confusion that Jack didn't think that Tommy could pretend that well, "I wasn't allowed to talk to the press about anything, Crow Father said it would be too much for me to try and relive and I didn't even know you'd had a trial until the announcement that you'd been jailed and they were still looking for the other villain." He could practically hear the cogs turning in Tommy's head as he tried to piece together some coherent story that he could understand.

Jack's anger faded as quickly as it had arisen, "You didn't do that?" His voice barely over a whisper almost as if he was pleading. His eyes set on the teenager that he had once called a real close friend of his, a friendship that they were working on repairing.

“I knew that you didn’t mean too, well, I knew that it wasn’t your intention,” Tommy answered, “You and Niki panicked, the bridge was already collapsing before we even met eyes, I wasn’t supposed to be there. I was practically almost already in the water before you realised.” He turned his head, suddenly very interested in looking at his reflection in one of the puddles, he was beginning to feel the cold chilling him to the core.

The demon found that he believed Tommy, “Then why were you on the bridge, Tommy? It can’t have been a coincidence, it was late, we made sure that is when nobody would be using it. We didn’t want anyone to get hurt, we wanted to push a message, we can do what we want.”

Tommy kept his eyes trained on his reflection in the puddle, it had taken a long conversation for him to even tell Dream the answer and how tired George had been after calming him down, he turned the words over his head trying to decide whether he should answer or not. “He told me that we would go for a talk together and I just wanted some bonding time,” He hated the way the words sounded on his tongue, how pathetic he believed he sounded.

Jack’s expression distorted, twisted with the pain of understanding, he knew what Tommy was saying, “But why would he?”

Tommy laughed wetly, the rain was becoming his friend, obscuring any tears that could be falling, protecting his pride, “Hybrids can be forced to go through transmutation, even if they are late bloomers, due to a sudden increase in stress.” His wings wrapped around him protectively, twitching as if the words offended them.

The demon wanted to reach out, to finally close the ever growing gap between them but he didn’t know how much Tommy would appreciate that. He opened his mouth to speak but Tommy got to his feet and went to head inside the bakery, scooping the bowl off the ground, “Anyways, I should probably sleep, I’ve got some fuckin’ planning to do, gotta go and save my family y’know?” A shit-eating grin formed on his face and Jack wanted so desperately to believe that it was real. He followed behind the avian as he went back inside the bakery, shaking himself like a dog to try and be a bit more dry.

Jack had been the smarter of the two and had worn his cloak out which he took off to reveal his dry clothing but he frowned and slipped off his iconic black and blue striped hoodie and

held it out to Tommy, an offering, “Here, Niki and Puffy will kill me if you catch a cold.”

The soft fabric in his hands Tommy frowned slightly and puffed his wings up, “I appreciate the gesture, big man, but I can’t really wear this.”

“Just cut holes into the back for your wings, I have plenty anyway,” That wasn’t true but he would rather Tommy didn’t freeze. Tommy stopped to analyse Jack’s face as if to check if the demon was lying to him before getting scissors out of the drawer and cutting into the material. His soaked through hoodie now lying on the back of a chair, dripping water on the floor that he was sure Niki would scold him for later, and pulled on the warmer one. The material was softer than he’d expected.

He went to dump his bowl in the sink, exhaustion rearing its head once more and tugging at his eyelids, when he noticed Jack had opened his inventory and was rustling through it muttering under his breath. He recalled Niki mentioning that Jack had a gift for him but Tommy didn’t want to ask in case it sounded expectant so he decided to pretend that he hadn’t noticed, about to make his way up the stairs.

“Here, this might be able to help you,” Jack held out a trident, an almost uncertain smile on his lips, “I was going to give you it as a thank you present because your wings can’t fly well in the rain, right?” About a thousand insults died on Tommy’s tongue and he wasn’t about to correct Jack by telling him that he couldn’t fly at all but rather all his wings were good for was slow-fall so instead he gave a small nod as the demon hurriedly shoved into his arms, “I can’t help you much with recusing The Dream Team because of my current wanted status but I’ll try to help from the shadows best I can.”

“Thank you, Jack,” And Tommy found that he really meant it. All he had to do now was get The Dream Team back.

Chapter End Notes

Hello!!

Once again sorry for a slightly later update than usual I had an essay due this morning so I had to focus on getting that done for today. For anyone curious I am a media/film student!

Anyways, very small Bad and Skeppy cameo because I wanted to show that there is more heroes than just SBI - feel free to hazard a guess towards who you think are heroes and who you think are villains

I wanted to try and take Bitterduo's dynamic and twist it slightly so instead of the reason for Jack disliking Tommy being that he took one of his canon lives, it's that Jack used to be angry at Tommy for 'being the reason that he was put in prison' (Tommy does believe he is the reason but not the same way Jack did) - the court case that Jack is referring to had someone read a 'statement from Tommy' rather than him being there in person. Feel free to piece together with the information I gave you because I am super interested in what people are thinking!

As usual, your kudos, comments, bookmarks and even just you reading is appreciated! And I hope you have a fantastic day! (also even if I don't reply to every comment please know I do read them all and I love you all /p)

Until Next Time

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Cook the iron at 1,538 degrees celsius (that's 2800.4 degrees fahrenheit for you nerds)

Chapter Summary

And now here's Wonderwall

Keeping up with Sapnap and George

tw // implied death mention

slight self-destructive behaviour

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Fire coursed through his veins as Sapnap strained, hard, gritting his teeth as exhaustion pulled at the front of his mind. He had been trying to melt through his iron bonds for hours now, having to cease whenever a hero showed face and Harmony had popped in a few times to taunt them for their loss, Sapnap decided that he would quite happily melt Harmony's prized guitar when he got out. If he got out, his mind betrayed him but he shook the negative thoughts away as fast as they could form.

"You need to rest, Sap," George's voice was unusually gentle whilst addressing the blaze hybrid, his brown eyes softening around the edges and glimmering with concern for his best friend, "I'm worried too but tiring yourself out isn't going to help us."

He opened his mouth to protest against the empath before remembering that he could never lie about how he was feeling to George, he always knew, instead he sighed heavily and spoke, "If I stop then all the effort will be for nothing, the iron will cool down again." He had already had enough issues with that when Harmony showed up. The heavy iron coating his hands from view but he hadn't wanted to take any risks. "The quicker I can burn through then the quicker that we can find Dream and get out of here." His words came out sharper than he'd intended but Sapnap found that he wasn't exactly sorry for it, irritation and tiredness tugging his limbs downwards and making him want to pass out for at least a couple of hours to be free from it all.

But Sapnap was nothing if not stubborn, a stubbornness that the entire Dream Team seemed to share, and he refused to give up. He only strained harder, he could feel the vein popping at his forehead. He would need to burn his flames to at least 1,538 degrees celsius for the iron to begin melting but he had to be careful with his process or else he would burn the entire room down and although burning the heroes penthouse down did sound like fun, Sapnap was always down to commit some arson, it would properly wouldn't help them much.

"You're going to need up hurting yourself," George huffed but his words had lost their previous push, he knew Sapnap wasn't going to wield on this, he frowned looking down at the offending metal that held his own wrists its prisoner, unlike Sapnap (and Dream although neither of them knew that) his chains didn't cover his hands as the empath's power wasn't declared as being one dangerous enough for that. "Do you think Dream is okay?"

Sapnap didn't hesitate before answering, "He'll be completely fine, he'll be giving them hell, you know that," He chuckled lightheartedly, unable to stop the fond smile forming on his face.

The genuineness of the statement caused George to visibly relax slightly and his own grinned tugged on his lips, "He's either going to be lecturing them about Tommy or he's going to be going through a joker arc and ranting about society towards them." He had to admit he did wish he was in the room for the earful that Dream would certainly be giving the heroes.

"Or he'll be doing his edgy villain thing where he taunts them," Sapnap chuckled but his fondness was evident, "But one hundred percent going to be saying something to them about Tommy, he's probably gone big brother mode already."

"As if you wouldn't too," George smirked, "That kid has you and Dream wrapped around his finger." If he hadn't been bound by his shackles then he would have elbowed the blaze hybrid in the ribs, he made the gesture but was unable to reach.

Sapnap rolled his eyes in response, "Don't act like you're not in the exact same boat." And George couldn't exactly argue with that.

The empath raised an eyebrow as he noticed how charred Sapnap's chair was becoming due to the exact strain of his flames, he was pushing himself way beyond his limit and George could feel the exhaustion, and it probably wasn't good for the blaze hybrid to be pushing

himself this hard after having his flames blown out by Crow Father earlier in the day. He wanted to protest again but instead he clamped his mouth shut, his mind whittling away.

“Do you think the heroes are asleep?” George, finally, asked instead. Managing to escape from their tiny prison, which was really only a room in the penthouse, meant nothing if they only managed to take a few steps out of the door before immediately being captured.

Sapnap shrugged lazily, “I don’t know but Harmony hasn’t come back for a few hours so I’d take that as a good sign.” He paused before speaking again, “I’m going to burn that fuckers guitar once we’re out of here, I’ve heard enough Wonderwall to last a life time.”

“And they call us the bad guys,” George halfheartedly joked. The empath almost snickering as he felt his best friend’s determination to burn the guitar, he wasn’t joking clearly, but he was grateful that it seemed to somehow lessen the blaze hybrid’s exhaustion.

The blaze hybrid was grateful that he’d been ‘jailed’ with George, his company helping him as he worked away, he thinks that his mind would have given in to the more negative thoughts without him. The flames started to crawl up the back of his neck after already setting his arms ablaze, the fierce glow of reds and yellows lighting up their room. “At least they didn’t put us in a prison cell, that probably would’ve been a lot harder to plan an escape from,” The blaze hybrid attempted to joke but his words were more genuine than anything else without a horde of guards constantly watching it was easier to attempt to burn through his shackles but then again Dream had staged a jailbreak with Tommy before so perhaps they would have gotten out quicker.

The empath frowned, “You know why they didn’t put us in jail, right Sapnap?” His tone conveyed that the reason wasn’t going to be the most pleasant, “We’re bait.”

“Bait? What do you mean bait? They’re not exactly fishing, are they?” Sapnap raised an eyebrow, sarcasm dripping from his words.

George almost facepalmed and rolled his eyes over-exaggeratedly towards his best friend, “Bait for Tommy, they picked up that he has a soft spot for us pretty quickly. Ender, he was willing to give himself up to them if he meant that we wouldn’t be hurt. They’re hanging us in front of him so he’ll rise to the bait.”

“Tommy isn’t stupid enough to-” He cut himself off with a loud groan of realisation, “No, he totally is.”

As sweet and endearing as it was to have the realisation that Tommy would try to come and rescue them, and it was endearing as a warmth of adoration tugged at Sapnap’s heart, it was not helpful.

“Dream would tear them to shreds if they did anything,” Sapnap then said, and he knew that both him and George would too but it would be nothing like invoking Dream’s wraith. The idea somewhat comforted him, “He hates heroes in general but holy fuck, I think he hates them the most.” He meant for it to come off as a joke.

George nodded, “He’d protect him with everything he’s got.” And of course George would be fighting right beside the masked villain’s side right as he did so.

An unsaid sentence flooded between them, something that was always left unsaid, and the air around them felt heavy. George felt as though the weight was going to crush them, an empathy both villain’s carried for their best friend, a reason why they fought beside his side, he let the unsaid words be spoken, “Like he couldn’t with Foolish.”

Sapnap’s flames almost extinguished at the words, his head flickered to look at his best friend, they never spoke about Foolish. He almost wanted to move on immediately but he didn’t, “Yeah, like he couldn’t with Foolish,” He nodded in agreement instead, “I think Tommy reminds him of Foolish, he was a lot like him.”

“Loud? Brash?” George forced a joke, he could feel the sense of mourning emitting from the blaze hybrid and a tidal wave of empathy threatening to choke him on it.

“Innocent,” And that was the one word that George wouldn’t have associated with the avian but he supposed that it was true, “Caring, loving and deserved better than what he got.”

His face felt wet and when George reached up he felt tears, crying out a sadness that wasn't his own, Sarnap was smiling though - a wistful and pained expression but there were no tears coming from the blaze hybrid but George felt as if his heart was snapping.

Clank

The loud bang of melted iron hitting the ground rang through both of their ears and George held his breath and prayed to which god would listen that the heroes hadn't heard that. Sarnap smirked and forced himself to move on but the empath could still feel the heavy weight, the empathy and sadness that the blaze hybrid carried for his best friend, "Hard work pays off," He elected to ignore that he was very much staggering as he got to his feet.

Laboured and pained breaths leaving his lips, Sarnap continued to push himself, kneeling behind George and inspecting the shackles of his best friend. His head felt as if it was splitting in two due to the rejection of sleep. Sarnap had gotten this far though and he wasn't about to give up now, not when he'd gotten so close.

"Go and find Dream, you can come back from me," The empath attempted to compromise but Sarnap shook his head vigorously.

"The Dream Team rules that nobody gets left behind," He huffed, George picking up on the wheezing nature of his voice, worry presenting itself by tugging mercilessly at the empath's heart.

Sarnap twisted the iron chains in his hands thoughtfully, he couldn't burn through them, it would take too long and he wasn't sure if his body could take another push to that level without him completely losing himself or passing out. He had to come up with another idea to get George out. He didn't want to leave George behind.

As if reading his mind, although Sarnap was pretty sure that the empath couldn't do that, George said, "I know you don't want to leave me alone but you could go and get the key and then come back, it'll make it easier to get Dream out too." He was pretty sure that they would have to get Dream last because there wasn't any way that he was going to be left without a guard.

The blaze hybrid wasn't keen on the idea but he had to accept that it was probably the best one that they had, "Okay but I'll be right back, I promise." Determination shone behind Sarnap's eyes and he tried the door which of course was locked but that wasn't an issue. He lit a single finger and burnt through the lock.

All he had to do now was find the key, wherever it was.

Sarnap would like to say that he was sneaky but he was tripping over his own feet at every turn, black splotches clouding his vision and dancing in front of him, he had pushed this far, he told himself desperately trying to fight against his own limits.

He had to admit the penthouse was pretty nice, although he wasn't too keen on the moving corridors – because of course it was the corridors moving and not his delirious state – as he moved along. His eyes narrowed as he caught sight of a family painting out of the corner of his eye, with a blink he found himself standing right in front of it, shaking away the splotches to see it better despite that making the dizziness worse.

The painting was, well, Sarnap couldn't deny that it was beautiful. Crow Father still looked old in the painting but his eyes held a twinkle that he'd never seen on the face of his enemy, Harmony was holding his enderdamned guitar and with his hand positioning it looked as if he was playing it, Technoblade wasn't wearing his mask and Sarnap could see a smile presented on the blade hero's face – something that he didn't think was even possible for him – but the figure that really caught his attention was the toddler. He couldn't be any older than three in the painting and his hair shone golden like the sun, he was smiling brightly and a chubby hand was raised as if he was waving. Sarnap couldn't help but wonder what had happened. This family that looked so happy.

Of course, he did know, Tommy had told him. Sarnap fought the urge to tear the painting down or burn it as it almost felt as if it was taunting him. He controlled himself, knowing sparks would fly if he didn't. Why did they suddenly want Tommy back? Why did they keep this painting up? His head was spinning and he wasn't sure if it was due to confusion or the dizziness.

Sapnap couldn't afford the time he was wasting here, he had to move. He could barely see two feet in front of him with his vision tunneling, dancing in front of him as a sick way of a joke, his hope of not meeting anyone died as he felt his body collide with another. He was fucked.

"How'd you manage to get out?" A voice whispered, the voice sounded more confused and rather impressed than anything, and managing to shake his vision back to some form of normal the blaze hybrid saw the rising shulker hero standing in front of him; Tubbo.

"Burnt through the iron," He answered honestly, preparing himself for Tubbo to call for one of the top heroes to help him or simply escape the villain who was two seconds away from passing out back himself.

But instead he felt something small being pushed into his hand instead, "Tell Tommy that I'm sorry, I didn't think that they would-" He cut himself off and sighed, "Just let him I'm sorry."

The shulker hybrid then turned on his heels and walked up the corridor again leaving Sapnap gobsmacked. He looked at what had been pushed in his hands and saw a key, a grin forming onto his face. Were the heroes stupid enough to give all the chains the same lock? He hoped so.

He was surprised that the upcoming hero had helped him but he supposed that maybe Tubbo accidentally getting in Harmony's way when they were trying to stop Tommy and Ranboo escaping hadn't been an accident at all. A smile formed onto his lips, perhaps that kid wasn't so bad after all.

His hand clutched the tiny item protectively, he couldn't afford the cost of accidentally dropping it, he slipped through the corridor, cursing the heroes whilst he walked because the penthouse may as well be a maze with how many twist and turns there was and it wasn't helping the dizziness pulsing at the front of his mind. The world was dipping in on itself but once George was out of the chains and once he gave him the key then he could allow himself to collapse and give into the weakness.

“I’m surprised it took you so long to escape,” Another, less friendly sounding, voice spoke up and Sarnap felt frozen in his spot. He recognised that voice, of course he did, he’d been listening to it singing Wonderwall all day. He did not want to turn around. His hand resting on the doorknob back to his prison.

Harmony.

An ironic name for a hero who it appeared held such a sadistic nature, the combination of music notes played simultaneously to produce a pleasant effect but nothing that ever left the music hero’s mouth ever seemed to be pleasant.

He could hear light footsteps skipping towards him and he felt a hot breath on his neck as the tall hero loomed over him, “You understand why I can’t let you escape though, right?” His voice *almost* sounded sympathetic, almost as if he wanted to let the villain go but as with most things with Harmony, Sarnap was certain it was an act.

Spinning to face the hero, he stared with an expression that stormed, he wasn’t going to win a fight — knew that as he could barely stand up straight — he discreetly slipped the key into his pocket hoping that Tubbo’s kindness hadn’t also been part of this sick performance.

“You didn’t think we would leave you without security cameras, did you?” Harmony asked another question that Sarnap was pretty sure he wasn’t supposed to answer, that false sympathy rearing its ugly head once again. His face split into a taunting grin, his words were said almost as if he felt *bad* for Sarnap thinking that way.

He supposed it had been stupid to think that they wouldn’t be left without supervision, without someone’s eye watching them, but that almost made it worse that he had allowed himself to be self-destructive to the point where he was sure a vengeful gust of wind could knock him over without an issue.

But just because he was weak didn’t mean he wasn’t going to get his revenge somehow, his hands grasped out in front him as he ruthlessly yanked the guitar out of Harmony’s hold, his flames going ablaze with the last bit of energy that he could muster. Unable to see anything but the fire greedily engulfing the guitar in its hold, refusing to let go as he was pretty sure that Harmony was shouting, as the cursed instrument burned in front of him.

The music hero was glowering, if looks could kill then Sapnap would be ten feet under, as his astral music notes began to form. It was the small victories really.

Sapnap lost consciousness as the world around him was completely destroyed by the black plots. The key to the shackles still hidden securely in his pocket.

Chapter End Notes

Hello!!

I hope you all enjoyed this chapter, two updates in two days - am i going back to how i started?

I realised I hadn't written much Sapnap despite him being quite an important character so of course I had to change that!

A small hint towards Dream's reasoning for becoming a villain (please feel free to drop theories down below) also weirdly I was writing the part mentioning Foolish whilst watching his stream ALSO the Foolish that they are talking about was around Tommy's age (not grown adult Foolish lmao)

I promised I do like Wilbur btw! Also Sapnap is about the only person that refers to him by his hero name despite his real name being leaked

As always any kudos, comment, bookmark or even just you reading is deeply appreciated! I hope you have a fantastic day!

Until Next Time

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Glow in the dark stars are for any age

Chapter Summary

I'd give anything to miss you again

This was meant to be a kind of filler chapter but it had actually has some important information shared in it

tw // implications of self-destructive behaviour

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The rain was still falling when morning came, heavier than the night before if that was even possible, the avian's wings twitched behind his back irritated. That meant he was alone today, he couldn't bring Ranboo with him in the downpour. The man was an enderman and although he knew that his best friend would be more than willing to sacrifice burning his skin for Tommy, there wasn't any way Tommy would let him.

His mind ticking away as he scrubbed harshly at his dish from the night prior, he was the first one awake despite knowing that he was the last one to sleep, Tommy never slept well away from his home.

Soft dragging footsteps caught his attention and he saw Niki, her pink hair was ruffled and it was apparent she'd just woken up, a small smile formed on her face as she saw Tommy and wordlessly she picked up a towel and stood by his side drying the dishes that he'd been washing.

The two fell into a rhythm, neither uttering a word, the only noise occasionally breaking the peaceful silence was the clunk of porcelain hitting against the metal drying rack before Niki picked it up. He could feel her eyes wandering over to him from time to time, he was certain that it was the hoodie catching her eye, his red one must be dry by now but he hadn't the energy to bother switching them when he'd gotten down the stairs.

Tommy could feel Niki hitching her breath, as if she wanted to say something but couldn't bring herself to ask, he was tempted to turn to her and just ask her to blurt it out. He didn't like being treated as if he were made of glass, as if the slightest thing could cause him to shatter into a million pieces, he knew that whatever that Niki was going to say would be about The Dream Team. The retired villain, however, did eventually speak; "What's your plan then?"

"Gonna try to get to the caravan, hoping it's not compromised but shouldn't take too long even if it is, and then probably going to speak to Punz."

Niki irked an eyebrow at the mention of the vigilante, essentially a mercenary because he'd do anything for the right price but the media had dubbed him as a vigilante, and it wasn't any secret that Punz wasn't exactly the most keen on Tommy or at least he claimed that he wasn't. "Punz?"

"I would've gone for Purpled but *apparently* him and Quackity have conflict now and I'd rather not get involved with that," Tommy chuckled awkwardly, he had a soft spot for Quackity although Sapnap was probably the only person that knew about it, "And Punz is friends with Dream so he might help for a lower cost." Although he wouldn't admit it out loud, Tommy was willing to pay any cost to rescue The Dream Team.

The retired villain gave a nod of understanding as she seemed to recognise his unspoken words, she knew of Tommy's love and she was a victim of it, knowing that the avian loved and cared with his entire heart. Her poison nipped behind her fingertips, a tug of guilt that her and Jack burdened, the reminder that she'd hurt this kid.

"I just need a vague idea of where they're being held in the penthouse," He shrugged, he knew that the heroes above all else were arrogant, they would flaunt the villains right in front of his face, "Once I know that then I can work on a distraction."

An amused smile formed on Niki's lips, "A distraction?" She questioned, her amusement only growing as she saw the teenager scoop her communicator off the table — she didn't bother saying anything because she knew he'd give it up — and grasp the small item between his hands.

“Dream told me something a while ago, I think he picked it up from a movie or something. What’s the difference between a villain and a super-villain?” His hands fiddled with the communicator.

Niki hummed, “Mhmm, I don’t know.”

The able sisters came blasting full volume from her communicator, so loud that the retired villain was certain it must have woken up anyone asleep in the house, as a shit-eating grin formed on Tommy’s face, “Presentation.”

She laughed in good humour and Tommy turned the music down but not completely off as the able sisters gently played behind them, the atmosphere somehow feeling lighter than it was before, “I’ll help if you need it.” Niki told him with a long-lost spark of determination and fire dancing behind her eyes. Her poison itching to be put to use and to take that building down just as Tommy had with the hero agency.

As Tommy was away to protest Niki held up a finger and he heard the familiar sizzle of acid and didn’t want to risk arguing against it, “I know, I’m retired but I owe you and I could tell *Harmony* that I know where you are or something to distract him,” She says the heroes name with an unhidden hatred but her determination doesn’t falter and the teen can’t deny that he’s grateful for any help that he can get.

He nodded, not voicing his thanks but he knew that Niki could tell he was grateful, “Make sure Ranboo doesn’t try to go out after me whilst I’m out,” He says instead, not wanting the enderman hybrid to get hurt and knowing that Ranboo had essentially painted a giant red target on his back by helping Tommy teleport away.

“Of course.”

An understanding sparked between them, Tommy had work to do.

Tommy pulled the hood of his regular hoodie, having changed out of Jack's before leaving, further off his head to try and keep his identity somewhat hidden against the violent winds and rain. He didn't have the time to allow himself to drown under the weight of rain today, he counted the droplets as they fell.

The streets were almost entirely barren stray for a few citizens running away from the rain as if it had personally offended them just by falling, he heard parents shouting for their kids to come in before they made themselves sick, he heard grumbles of complaints about the weather but the world still felt oddly empty.

That didn't bother the avian though, it was easier for him to avoid a patrolling hero's gaze if there weren't any heroes around. He travelled down the street, avoiding cracks on the pavement because despite the fact that Tommy wasn't exactly superstitious he wasn't about to take any chances.

The city was silent without the boom of chaos that came from The Dream Team's presence and the villain was half-tempted to set a building on fire in order to liven the place up a bit.

Instead he found himself taking in the aftermath of their chaos, charred buildings and destroyed streets, ruined billboards scattered across the road. A smile crept onto his lips, that at least felt familiar, the destruction that came with chaos. Tommy had always been more of a petty thief himself, being the distraction whilst blowing up the hero agency, probably being the biggest role he'd had outside of that. He recalled stealing Wilbur's treasured guitar pick, that had been the day he'd met Ranboo, stealing Techno's crown on more than one occasion and stealing the emerald earring that hung from Ph-Crow Father's ear, that had been his most impressive thievery. He supposed the heroes had been right in one regard, the villain had been looking for attention from them and he'd gotten it in the end.

Bitterness drenching through his body even more so than the rain, threatening to burn him with its fire. Tommy didn't think he'd ever learn how to not be bitter.

He reached the caravan and it was ridiculous how much this stupid get-away vehicle felt like home to the villain. He couldn't go to The Den, this was the next best thing, and as soon as he threw open the door, the familiar scent overtook his senses. A vehicle which held too many memories and he practically collapsed onto the couch, he could see his communicator and earpiece sitting on the table beside him, it wasn't even an arm stretch away but the familiarity made the avian's bones feel too heavy to move. He wanted to lie here forever, unmoving.

His head nuzzled into the cushion, his family, he could recall falling asleep curled up next to Sapnap using the blaze hybrid as his own personal heater, resting against Dream's chest as the masked villain did his hair and George tucking him in under a blanket after thinking that the avian was taking a nap. Familiar and fond memories, his hindbrain crying out. He wanted to cry, the weight was too much for him, the guilt that he hadn't been able to help them.

Wings wrapped around his body tightly, his head still pressed as firmly into the cushion as he could, hybrid instincts could be the worst. He felt vulnerable and weak, at least by himself then he could allow the tears to fall. He remembered the first time he'd been in this caravan, the memory was hazy but he could still recall it somewhat, the splitting pain erupting from his back.

He buried his head further into the cushion until breathing was hard, pushing his head further into the material, eventually when dark splotches threatened the edges of his vision he pulled his head away. Dizziness overtook him for mere moments, he simply lay there, staring at the ceiling above him. The stupid glow in the dark star stickers in his line of vision. They'd been a gift to him technically, Dream had stuck them to the roof whilst Sapnap had been looking after him during his transmutation, it was supposed to give the teenager something to distract him from the pain. It was funny how instead the gift caused him another form of pain.

Tommy wasn't sure how long he spent simply staring at the glow in the dark stars lost in his own memories, a sickeningly fond smile plastered onto his face despite the tears that were imprinted on his skin. It felt like hours but it could have been mere minutes, the avian was too far away to note something as trivial as time.

Until he was rather rudely yanked from his thoughts by the door to the caravan being forced open, he would've assumed that it was Ranboo if the door handle hadn't been jiggling so vividly, Ranboo knew the trick to the rather stiff door. The avian was aware that he should probably hide but instead he pushed himself up so that he was resting on the palms of his hands, a rather unamused look presenting on his face as he stared directly at the door. He wasn't prepared for who was away to come waltzing back into his life.

"What are you doing here? I don't remember inviting you," His voice was snarky but Tommy wasn't about to apologise to the blade hero, whom looked rather out of place in the comfy

interior of the caravan. A venom dripped from his voice but his ever present anxiety was pounding away. He tried to ignore the voice telling him that Tubbo, his old best friend, had betrayed him again; how else would Technoblade know about the caravan? Tubbo's trap had been set up outside of it. He didn't want to think about how much that hurt him.

Technoblade ignored the teenager's comment and instead took in the interior, an amused chuckle leaving his lips, "For the top villains I would have expected something a bit classier." That was a punch to Tommy's gut, Technoblade wasn't allowed to comment on this caravan, it wasn't allowed to comment on anything in Tommy's life. He'd lost that right.

Smoothing out his anger, the avian forced a harsh laugh, "It's better than living in a mansion covered with pictures of myself," He continued in a sing-song tone, "Someone has an ego problem." He wanted the blade hero to argue with him or say something that he could use as fuel but instead the blade hero, he was pretty sure although he couldn't see it under the mask, simply rolled his eyes in response. It had always been harder for him to get under Technoblade's skin than it had been Wilbur's. The blade hero for most of their childhood had acted as if Tommy hadn't existed, he was surprised that he'd even remembered his name when he revealed himself but then again. He shook his head, this wasn't the time.

"I wasn't the one who put the pictures up," The blade hero finally answered, "Dad did that and there are pictures of you too, Theseus." That wasn't exactly untrue but there was only one of Tommy and it was the painting Sapnap had seen the night previously, an image of the kid that no longer existed, Technoblade didn't recognise the teenager in front of him. Perhaps that was due to the blade hero never being present anyway, he hadn't seen his baby brother grow up even when they did all live together.

"Theseus," The avian repeated his own name, his gaze a million miles away, "You were the one who wanted to name me that, right?"

It was ironic, Technoblade thought, he'd named his brother after a hero when Tommy had turned out as anything but. Although in the end, the name had been fitting, he supposed and usually Technoblade was one to love symbolism and foreshadowing but he couldn't tell if his insistence to name his baby brother; Theseus had condemned him to this fate. "Do you know the story of Theseus?" The hero muttered but he didn't really care for the answer that could come from his younger brother nor did he give him any time to answer.

“Theseus fought for his home, he slayed the minotaur and they repaid him by exiling him, he died in disgrace and alone,” It was a very blunt and shorthanded version of the story, more Technoblade trying to line up the events in his own head. Tommy had brought life back into their family, after their mum’s death and the mourning that had come with it, the baby had been so full of life, all the life that they used to have was behind the eyes of this bouncing baby. But it hadn’t lasted, of course, as Tommy got older and he didn’t show any signs of being a hybrid. He remembered their dad’s stress as he trekked their living room, hands in his hair, he had thrown himself into his work as a product of grief – only briefly being knocked out of it by the sun that was Tommy just as Technoblade and Wilbur had been – and it had stopped being a job for the people as he muttered about his youngest’s lack of hybrid traits. It hadn’t been long after that Tommy had been sent away, the blade hero hadn’t even said goodbye to his younger brother, he’d been too invested in his own work by that point. They had exiled their own from their family. “And he’d only wanted to be a hero,” He sighed but his words were more directed towards the wannabe villain; all Tommy had wanted to be as a kid was a hero.

“You forgot a part of the story,” The avian got to his feet, pushing himself off of the couch, bowing mockingly in front of the hero, “For what is Theseus without Lycomedes?” A taunting smirk growing onto his lips. The king who had pushed Theseus off the cliff, Technoblade’s crown weighed down heavily on his head and his thoughts betraying him as the teenager’s smirk was eerily similar to that of Dream’s and he barely recognised his baby brother; his mind referring to the boy in front of him as his rival’s brother more than his own.

Jealousy was a foreign feeling to Technoblade but he was certain that it was the emotion that he was currently feeling and perhaps guilt. The avian standing in front of him wasn’t the baby brother that he remembered and he was certain that Theseus was dead. The baby brother that he’d known was dead and he’d had a hand in pushing him off that cliff.

He barked out that same forced laugh as before, “What are you going to do, Lycomedes, are you going to take me in?” His voice was a challenge, “So that I can die alone and in disgrace just as a hero would.” He put emphasis on hero.

“I don’t need to, you’ll come to us,” Technoblade shrugged and Tommy hated the fact that he couldn’t argue against it, “And you’re not a villain, Theseus.”

“And you’re not a hero, they tell you are but they’re wrong,” The avian moved closer to Technoblade, “Heroes care about the people, they fight for the people, not their reputation or perks. Ender, I should like Dream, I’m about to start ranting about hero society but he’s not wrong. Real heroes don’t do it for money or for fame but they do it to *save* people.” He

sighed heavily, “And you don’t need the whole world to love you,” His eyes wandered onto the glow in the dark stars; *Dream, Sapnap, George, Ranboo, Quackity, Niki, Jack*, there was a star for each of them in his galaxy and he didn’t need the world, only them, but the top heroes thought different to him, “Only a few people.”

He scooped his communicator off the table and pocketed it into his hoodie, “You *were* my hero, Technoblade.” And it was true; he’d always admired the more stoic hero and he could remember wanting to be exactly like him but now he found he would rather be anything else than resemble them.

The taunting smirk returned as Tommy pulled the manifork out of his inventory, easily pushing past the hero, “We’ll meet again,” He could recall Ranboo, after getting really invested in a cartoon, that he wouldn’t stop playing this song on the piano for Tommy and being the good friend he was... he only complained a few times, “Don’t know when, don’t know where,” Of course, he did know where and he did know when, “But I know we’ll meet again, some sunny day.” He threw himself into the rain, his trident tossing him into the air.

He could finally breathe freely and he had a message to send to Punz.

Chapter End Notes

Hello!!

I am sorry for this being late, again, I have 19 days until I am leaving to study in another country so have had a shit-ton of paperwork to do and check that COVID is still permitting me to do so (currently still an all clear)

Originally the interaction in the caravan was going to be between Tommy and Tubbo but I ended up scraping that because I want to do something else with Tubbo instead and I barely write any Techno (Phil purposely hasn't been written a lot so far) so we get more of a grasp of Dream's ideology through Tommy and an insight to the relationship between bedrock bros.

I personally kinda adore the line of Techno being Lycomedes as well for literally no reason it is just angst protentional and there was originally also going to be a flashback of Tommy first discovering he was a hybrid but I couldn't find a way to make it flow naturally.

Please feel free to drop any theories down below because I love hearing what y'all are thinking and without spoiling anything some of you get pretty damn close.

Any kudos, comment, bookmark or even just you reading is deeply appreciated! Hope you have a fantastic day!

Until Next Time

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Babysitting isn't on a vigilante's CV

Chapter Summary

The vigilante's out on the street

very short chapter before some REAL shit begins, this more set-up for something to happen and also a chapter as a christmas present and a celebration for hitting 1K kudos

tw // implication of suicidal thoughts

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

A high pitched keening whistle circled the air surrounding him, a far sadder sound than Tommy's regular trills, his hand grasped the trident so tightly that he wouldn't be surprised if he'd bruised the palm of his hand. His communicator rhythmically beeps every few beats to remind of a message that he hadn't opened the notification for, he hadn't needed to, the coordinates of the meeting place engraved in his brain. It would be his first time going alone. Tommy wasn't worried about being alone, he knew nothing would happen to him, but he couldn't shake the feeling of *wrongness*, it wasn't right. Shaking his head, momentarily dispelling the rain drops soaking his hair only to be replaced seconds later, he decided to push forward.

He wanted to continue and burst through the clouds, where everything below would look small and insignificant in comparison but the beeping reminded him that he had a job to do. The avian unfurled his wings and spun the trident in his hold so that the item was facing towards the ground before allowing himself to plummet.

His wings soaked through would be useless for flying in this weather but it wasn't as if they were built for that anyway, perhaps he should be scared, he thought as he watched the blurring colours dance around him, scared if the weather would affect his abilities but Tommy's fast pace descent began to slow as the ground got closer and closer into his vision before his feet were gently placed down. He was alive, the rain gracing his face reminded him of that fact, he took a short and sharp breath. His mind whirring due to the encounter he'd just had. Techno hadn't made a move to take him in, instead his brother had simply left him, because the heroes knew they'd already won. Cocky bastards.

Tommy caught sight of a golden glint out of the corner of his eye and he knew immediately that it was coming from the heavy golden chain that the mercenary, the vigilante, always wore around his neck, paired with a white hoodie. It was his signature look. Punz wore a relaxed expression on his face but a concerned look danced behind his icy blue eyes. "I was starting to think you weren't gonna show up," He commented easily, the tinge of a joke melting on his tongue, his voice flooded with concern, "Are you alright? Honestly, I'd expected to hear from you as soon as I saw the news." And truthfully if the avian had access to his communicator than contacting Punz or Purpled would have been the first thing he would've done but instead Tommy shrugged guiltily.

The mercenary, if he noticed the guilty expression, didn't say anything. The villain was fairly certain that Punz wasn't the most keen on him, he'd already expressed that to Niki, so he wasn't sure how this encounter was going to go. Punz already seemed tired of him, at least that's what he thought until a breakfast bar was fished out of his hoodie pocket and promptly thrust into the avian's hands causing Tommy to look down at the snack with confusion quickly adorning his face. "It's got chocolate in it," Punz answered with a shrug, "Children like chocolate, right?"

"I am not a child!" Tommy protested loudly as he flipped the breakfast bar around, a smile tugging on his lips as he saw *vegan friendly* as due to his avian traits he couldn't really eat anything else but he hadn't thought anyone other than The Dream Team, Ranboo, Niki and Puffy had noticed that. He had to keep up appearances, however, so he puffed out his chest and continued to protest about not being a child.

Punz rolled his eyes, "And I'm not a mercenary." A playful smirk threatening to spill into his features, giving away that his annoyance was faked.

But the avian knew exactly how to combat against that comment and he feigned innocence, "But you're not, you're a *vigilante* ." He took satisfaction in the way that Punz let out an exasperated sigh, another heavier eye roll this time causing Tommy to let out a giggle.

"Nah, I'm a mercenary," The mercenary waved his hand nonchalantly, "I just get the title of vigilante because it sounds better than the heroes are enlisting the help of a vig, right?" Although the rest went unspoken Tommy knew the point that Punz was making; a vigilante was someone who took the law into their own hands because they believed the current law agencies are inadequate but ultimately is fighting for the people and a mercenary would take any job as long as the price was high enough, Punz seemed content rolling on the side of the morally gray but for the heroes it wasn't the best look. Tommy found that he couldn't exactly argue.

“Still not a child,” Instead was what left Tommy’s lips but the protest was lacking its previous fire. A noncommittal hum left Punz and the avian was surprised that he hadn’t managed to piss Punz off yet but instead the mercenary seemed more amused than anything else. Tommy wanted nothing more than to wipe the taunting smirk off of the mercenary’s face but instead he ripped open the breakfast bar and began to munch on it, deliberately being loud with every individual crunch.

“Whatever you say,” He chuckled, paying no mind to the obnoxious crunching come from the teenager, “Anyway, what exactly do you want to hire me to do?”

That wasn’t a hard question at least, “I need you to stake out the penthouse and find out where Dream Team are being kept,” Tommy knew the penthouse well, even years later, he could remember the penthouse as well as he could the back of his hand, “Then I’m going to perform a heist, some blockbuster movie level shit.” Or at least he was going to try too but there wasn’t much conviction behind his words.

“I can do that,” The mercenary nodded with the same laid-back ease from before, a thoughtful expression momentarily flickering onto his features before he continued speaking and said something that took Tommy by surprise, “And don’t worry about payment for this one.” Noticing the surprise, another chuckle escaped the mercenary and he ruffled Tommy’s hair, “Don’t get used to it, The Dream Team are my friends and they would probably wringe my neck if I upset you.” More hesitation before, “Anyway, I ain’t taking any babysitting money.” Another child joke, of course.

He batted the hand carding through his hair away, “Stop calling me a fuckin’ child!” This was worse than any of the teasing he got from The Dream Team but oddly it helped him to relax slightly. He flipped the mercenary off as Punz snickered, satisfied with his own joke.

“Seriously though, I’ve known The Dream Team a long time,” Punz had known Dream since before he’d started his route to villainy and he’d been there before Sapnap had gone through his transmutation due to being a blaze hybrid and he’d met George not long after Dream and Sapnap first had, “I want to help.”

The mercenary saw Tommy’s entire face light up despite the fact that the teen was trying to disguise it, the all too familiar glitter of hope that spiraled behind Tommy’s eyes, Punz was

reminded of Foolish. He'd known the kid, he'd been friends with Dream whilst his baby brother was still alive, and with the way that the avian looked at him reminded Punz so much of him. He wondered how it didn't tear Dream apart.

"He's not Foolish, Dream knows that, right?" Punz almost winced at the harshness of his past words, they'd come from a place of care but that didn't make them right. He recalled ignoring Sapnap telling him that Tommy was convinced that Punz disliked him, the mercenary wondered if he still thought that.

"We're gonna do some kickass evil villain shit," Tommy exclaimed although Punz highly doubted the avian had it in him to do anything evil except for perhaps the classic swapping the sugar and salt prank (he choose to ignore the fact that the avian had a hand in blowing up the hero agency). A fondness pulling at his heartstrings, Punz had never disliked Tommy, he had worried that Dream had been recruiting the kid for the wrong reasons. Using Tommy as an outlet to mourn which wouldn't be healthy for either of them but the mercenary had taken back that train of thought, he'd taken it back a long time ago if he was being honest with himself, he knew Dream did see Tommy as his baby brother *but* not as a replacement of the one he'd lost.

Punz had lost himself too deep in thought to even notice that he'd stopped responding to the villain until he felt a tug on his sleeve, he looked down at the teenager whose eyes were filled to the brim with concern although it was a brisk insult that left his lips, "What the fuck man? I don't zone out when you start talking about some boring shit." No bite. He couldn't help but believe that Tommy was in the wrong field of work, his care would've made him a real hero.

Punz knew very little about what the teenager had been through, only what he'd managed to pry from a reserved Sapnap on that same night as his harshest words, but that was enough to know how this kid had been ruined. A soft smile mused on his lips, "We're going to save your family, young Atlas."

For Theseus wasn't as fitting a name for the wannabe villain in front of him as the kid struggled under the weight of the sky placed upon his shoulders.

Chapter End Notes

Hello!!

Merry Christmas if you celebrate (and happy holidays if you don't), this chapter is extremely short but I just wanted an excuse to write Punz and Tommy encounter. This is the set-up for some real shit to begin so I promise the slow climb will be worth it and I appreciate your patience

If anybody had seen Trollhunters: Tales of Acadia then you'll know exactly where the nickname of Young Atlas comes from (might give you some hints for Punz's character too, that's all I'm going to say)

Also holy fuck, i've hit 1k on this fic and i've only been writing it for just over a month, you're all so fucking awesome! I genuinely really appreciate you all, your waiting will be worth it!

Please feel free to drop your theories in the comments, a lot of you are getting very close with some things.

As usual, your kudos, comments, bookmarks or even just you reading is so deeply appreciated! Hope you have a fantastic day!

Until Next Time

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Maybe the true villain was the miscommunication we found along the way

Chapter Summary

I'm gonna pack my things and leave you behind

Wherever Tommy goes the sound of the able sisters follows closely behind him

(this chapter takes place a good few days after the previous one)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The mechanical whirring of wings was beginning to give him quite the headache, Dream wondered how Tubbo couldn't stand that constant noise in his ears all day. The upcoming hero paced around the small room — that Dream had come to refer to as his prison — for about the hundredth time. They'd been stuck in this routine for hours now and it was really starting to drag, the villain couldn't be the only one who was bored, true it was nice having company but he would take being alone with his thoughts over this torture any day. The restlessness causing him to twitch in his seat and desperately want to get to his own feet which the chains wouldn't allow him to do.

Tubbo's shoulders were tense and occasionally he would stop to drum his fingers against the table in a tune that Dream was certain he'd heard before but couldn't recognise. The villain could read all the tell-tale signs that the upcoming hero was nervous, that much seemed obvious to him, what he couldn't tell was why and that unsettled Dream more.

On his first day Tubbo had been talkative, sure it wasn't really anything worthwhile to Dream's escape plans but it at least had filled the uncomfortable silence, but now there was only that agonising whirring. The villain could cup his hands over his ears in a desperate attempt to block out the noise if the heavy iron coating them didn't make that almost impossible. Instead, he elected to grit his teeth as if that would somehow help.

Tubbo hadn't exactly gone silent, he told Dream of Technoblade's run in with Tommy a few days ago and about Sapnap burning Harmony's guitar, but the upcoming hero seemed on edge. He was acting as if he was constantly being watched, his voice lowering whenever he

told Dream information that could be considered confidential. And the villain had no doubt that they most likely were being watched as just because the villain couldn't see it, didn't mean he didn't know because of course there would be security cameras wherever they kept him, it would be stupid and ignorant not to. And although Dream did quite believe the heroes were stupid or ignorant, he knew that they wouldn't give him any opportunity to have the upper-hand.

He thought about Tubbo telling him, although trying to brush over it as quickly as possible, in hushed tones that he had given Sapnap a key, it was the only way the upcoming hero could think to help the villain and for him to tell Tommy that he was sorry. Dream had recognised the guilt behind his words and perhaps even a shine of regret, the villain knew that feeling well and although the teen was technically a hero, he wasn't much older than Tommy. The energy Tubbo carried reminded him too much of how George described Tommy's, the constant trickle of anxiety and self-hatred. The villain ran a idea over in his head, knowing if Tommy knew about it then the avian would be angry at him but he spat the words out before he could think too hard about it, "He misses you." Word vomited but Dream knew it was the truth.

Tubbo's drumming fingers abruptly stopped, his attention now fully directed towards the villain, distrust danced behind his eyes and Dream found that he couldn't exactly blame the upcoming hero for being sceptical, the heroes were already trying to push the narrative that Dream was a master manipulator – or at least that is what they claimed to try and reason why Tommy was with The Dream Team – but the villain wasn't going to waver on this. With Technoblade or any of the other top heroes then Dream would keep up his act as the charismatic taunting villain but with Tubbo, a kid, he allowed the act to drop even if just momentarily to try and show the shulker hybrid that his words were genuine. The shaking of the upcoming hero's shoulders gave away that he was laughing but Dream could sense there was no humour behind it.

"Tommy misses me? Yeah, alright," Tubbo's laughter got louder, "Even if he did, I really doubt that he does now." Their last encounter and argument repeating in his head. "Look, villain man, I appreciate it but I can't break you out." Eyes scanning the room and Dream was pretty sure he was checking to see if the security cameras were on and that did somewhat surprise the villain considering the upcoming hero was notorious for leaking.

But Dream couldn't care less if the heroes overheard this conversation, despite knowing Tommy would threaten to shank him for it, "I'm not saying this for you to break me out. Tommy misses you, he won't admit it because, well, he's Tommy." That at the very least got a chuckle from the teenager and the villain took that as a win as a small grin spread onto his lips, he was really missing his mask.

“He *left* me though,” Although there was no longer an accusatory nature behind his words but in its place was a hurt and Dream had a feeling that Tubbo had been carrying this weight for a while, “He told me that it was us against the world and that we’d become heroes together and then I woke up one morning and he was just gone.” The nervous strumming on the fingers starting up again, “I didn’t know what had happened to him, my best friend could have been fucking dead for all I knew and then he just shows up again.”

A deep thoughtful sigh passed by the villain’s lips before he spoke again, “Before Tommy knew that you were with the heroes he wanted to find you again,” His words took a softer tone and his expression melted into one of affection for the avian and that didn’t go amiss on Tubbo who was paying his full attention to the villain, “He’d hoped that you found a family... and I guess you did.”

“But he was my family, I told him that, I didn’t want to go anywhere that Theseus wasn’t going to be.”

“And that was why he left you behind,” Dream wanted to reach out and comfort the shulker hybrid in some way but the heavy chains holding him back prevented that so he tried to use his words to convey some form of comfort for the upcoming hero, “Tommy, from what he told me, just wanted you to find a home and because you wouldn’t accept a home that wouldn’t take Tommy too then he blamed himself, he believed he was ruining your chance to get fostered, to get adopted and he didn’t know where he was going to go or what he was going to do and, well, it’s probably better for you to talk to him yourself about it.” He’d already spilled enough.

Another chuckle came from Tubbo and Dream was certain that the upcoming hero was about to call someone in to take over the job of keeping an eye on the villain but instead tears began to spill from the upcoming heroes eyes, “That idiot,” He continued to laugh but it was beginning to sound dangerously close to sobbing, “That stupid fucking idiot.”

Theseus stared at Tubbo, blinking in disbelief, “You said you didn’t want to go with them?” It was obvious to the shulker hybrid that he was holding himself back from shouting but Tubbo didn’t back down.

He shrugged and answered as if it was the easiest thing in the world, "They wouldn't take you," Theseus physically drew back at just how genuine Tubbo's words were, "It's you and me against the world, anywhere you go then I go." A grin formed onto his lips and he took his best friend's hand squeezing it in a reassuring manner, "It was my choice, Thes."

The blond frowned momentarily but sighed heavily as he realised that his best friend wasn't wavering, "Tubs, you could've had a home by now." But that only made Tubbo squeeze his hand tighter, Theseus wasn't use to somebody choosing him and Tubbo was making that decision. "You could've had a family," The words left the blond barely over a whisper and Tubbo had to strain to hear his best friend's words.

"You're my family," The shulker hybrid chuckled, shaking his head, "You promised me that we'd be heroes together, we can't exactly be heroes together if I leave you behind, can we?" His smile portrayed that he really believed in what he was saying; Tubbo didn't want to leave Theseus behind.

The blond forced a smile, "I guess you're right." A heavy weight crushing down on his heart.

A huge grin spread on the shulker hybrid face and he lightly punched Theseus' arm in a playful manner, "Of course I'm right, I'm always right." And he sounded so close to how Theseus jokes, a jokily mutter of, "I think I'm a bad influence on you." leaving his lips. Tubbo only laughed in reply.

"I'm tired, Thes," Tubbo whined, leaning into his best friend's shoulder, he'd been dealing with Liam the foster care attendant for quite a while as the attendant had tried to convince the unwavering hybrid to at least consider the family wanting to foster him and sure they'd seemed nice but he wouldn't go without his best friend.

"Go to sleep then, Tubso," Theseus said as if it was the easiest thing in the world, a fond chuckle escaping him. Tubbo squirming around next to him trying to get comfortable, clinging to his best friend as if he would run away from him – he didn't know at that point that was the exact reality that he would be facing – and allowed his eyes to shut.

A sleepy murmur, "Love you, Thes."

Tubbo, at the time, didn't really register the response that came from his best friend, only expecting the answer to be a short 'love you too' as it usually was whenever they expressed affection towards each other outside of the regular playful teasing but hindsight is 20/20, "Please let me go," A silent plead.

The upcoming hero composed himself, wiping his eyes and cursing himself for breaking down in front of the villain, Tubbo usually had a better handle on his emotions but there was something about his ex-best friend that always managed to break through that wall. Dream, however, wasn't smirking at the sight of being able to break the shulker hybrid but instead that prior softness remained and if this is what Tommy lived with by living with The Dream Team then Tubbo began to understand fully why he stayed with the villains and why he cared so deeply about them.

Tubbo, of course, had his suspicions about the care of The Dream Team being genuine due to Tommy's words from the beginning. And he supposed that he'd been trying to help discreetly from the start from 'accidentally' getting in Harmony's way to giving Sapnap the key to the chains (which unfortunately the blaze hybrid had not been able to utilise due to constant surveillance after his attempted escape) but that wasn't enough.

He leaned down and spoke in that same hushed voice that he always did to avoid the bugs picking him up, "I'm going to help you get out of here," He promised. Maybe then Tommy could see he was sorry and he would have a chance to speak with his best friend again.

A gratefulness spread across the villain's face and he was just away to speak when a loud noise from outside the building cut him off before he'd even begun. But he wasn't mad at being cut off as a wide grin spread across his cheeks as he recognised all too well the booming tune of The Able Sisters.

"That fucker," Dream shook his head, feigning annoyance, but the fond smile on his lips gave him away. And well it looked like Tubbo was getting his chance to attempt to make amends sooner than he thought.

“I can walk myself,” Niki spat at the music hero who was pushing her forward with one hand, “And I don’t appreciate being treated like a prisoner either.” She didn’t need to use her poison as the harshness of her voice delivered that sting for her. It seemed to work too as Harmony, or Wilbur, quickly redrew his hand. Niki half-suspected that he was worried that she would turn her acid on him which honestly was a rather tempting thought.

After that there was an uncomfortable silence filled the space between them, only broken by the click of Niki’s heels against the ground, she’d elected to dress in her old villain costume which truthfully did make her appear somewhat of a threat but it had quickly been neutralised when she waved Harmony down and told him that she was here as an ally. She had information for him regarding the new villain, choosing her words carefully as the reappearance of Nemesis in the streets had caught the attention of the press and cameras had been around her at a careful distance almost immediately. She’d been impressed at Harmony managing to keep up his facade of not knowing the new villain when she spoke, of course he hadn’t been able to hide his emotions from Niki though, being his ex-best friend she noticed the slight hope that lit up behind his eyes.

“In here,” Harmony finally spoke up again as he gestured to the giant wooden door in front of Niki, she recognised this as the door to the living room, this penthouse was way too big. She almost turned up her nose at it out of disgust but quickly regained herself, she was here as an ally, instead she pushed open the actually surprisingly heavy door to be greeted by Technoblade and Crow Father. Crow Father staring right at her, his blue eyes narrowed at her, an unspoken threat.

“Nemesis,” Crow Father greeted rather coldly, “It’s been a while.” And Technoblade simply grunted as a greeting, truthfully Niki hadn’t expected anything less, she pretended not to notice the way his hand curled around the handle of his sword.

“I’m reformed, what else can I say?” She, instead, responded breezily. A small grin formed on her lips, trying to hide the naughting anxiety as she remembered Harmony’s threat about Puffy and she highly doubted that it had been an empty threat, “Saw the way of the heroes or something like that.” Judging by the look on the heroes faces she didn’t think that her words were all that convincing but her claim of having information on Tommy was enough for them to entertain her.

Crow Father took a step closer to the retired villain, his height over her making him quite the bit intimidating, and Niki saw that he was dropping his public persona where he was the kind and caring hero who was nice even to villains. She supposed he didn't need to as there weren't any cameras around or at least that's what she thought until the hero spoke, "Would you like a cup of tea, Nemesis?" His offer took her by surprise and for a second she did consider it as tea did sound nice but instead she replied with a shake of the head.

"No, thank you, and you can call me Niki as I said I'm reformed." She didn't miss how Harmony nodded towards her villain costume and although there was a reason for that, the heroes didn't need to know that. Technoblade's eyes were boring through her and caused a shiver to run down the baker's spine. She felt the poison sizzle beneath her fingertips as a warning but she didn't put her defence up.

"Can we just skip past the formalities, please," Harmony groaned, "Last time we spoke, *Niki*, you told me that you didn't know anything, what changed?"

The same sickly sweet smile from that day at the bakery formed onto her lips and she spoke, choosing every word very carefully, almost mocking the way the hero had spoken to her that day, "I said that I hadn't seen anything, actually, not that I didn't know anything, Harmony." It took everything to stop a smirk from twisting onto her lips as she got to taunt the hero and the disapproving look shot from Crow Father to Harmony didn't go amiss either but Niki simply pretended not to see it, feigning innocence instead. Both, of course, had been a lie but the top heroes didn't need to know that.

Crow Father waved a hand towards both of his sons as if to hold them back from the retired villain, forcing his own sickly sweet smile onto his lips, "Okay then, Niki, I hope you understand that I am just a father who wants their son back," Niki had to physically stop herself from rolling her eyes but slightly clenching her hand and hoping nobody noticed, "I have reason to believe that The Dream Team have manipulated him and managed to condition him into thinking that they care about him. I only want to help him and have his real family make sure that he is safe and secure, anything you can tell us may help us keep Theseus safe." Wow, apparently they didn't write that waffling speech that Crow Father gave on the news, he was just naturally that good at spouting bullshit.

"What is it that you know?" Technoblade, finally, was the one to ask. Niki recalled him briefly from when they were younger and her and Jack hung around with Wilbur, she'd heard that he was supposed to be intimidating and she understood why he was – she knew Jack used to have a slight fear of him – but Niki had never found him intimidating.

“Oh what I know?” She drawled out her words deliberately slowly, discreetly checking the time on her watch, “Nothing!” She answered with a bright smile, taking satisfaction in the faces of the three heroes dropping, the small glimmer of hope – she guessed that she could call it that – dying.

“Then why did you say that you did? Why are you here?” Harmony fired out, his words heavy with accusation, she was surprised that he didn’t grab her by the shoulders and shake her.

Of course she wasn’t going to sell Tommy out. She finally let the taunting smirk grow onto her features, “Oh,” Her entire face lit up, “To distract you, of course.”

The boom of The Able Sisters screeched from outside and Niki’s smirk only grew larger as she saw the confusion on the heroes faces.

She knelt down, her hands outspread across the wood, she allowed the poison to flood through her veins, the ground below her sizzling away. “You wanted to see your son, didn’t you, *Phil* ?” Her words alerting the hero to just what was happening, the floor beneath the previously retired villain almost completely disintegrated.

“It’s time to incite chaos.”

Chapter End Notes

Hello!!

I was actually excited for this chapter and the next one, as long as it goes according to plan, is one of my favourites. But we finally get to see why Tommy didn't take Tubbo with him and also some badass Niki is always fun. She was, of course, never planning on selling out Tommy in the first place.

And just incase it wasn't clear, the encounter between Niki and the heroes takes place at the same time as Dream and Tubbo's conversation which is why The Able Sisters also interrupts them!!

Also, this is unrelated to writing, but I'm going on a roughly 9hr flight in a few days and was wondering if anyone had some good recommendations for anime, shows or movies that I could watch on the flight! (I already plan to rewatch Inside so we'll see how that goes)

As usual please feel free to drop theories down below because I love hearing what you guys are thinking!!

And as always your kudos, comments, bookmarks or even just you reading is deeply appreciated and have a fantastic day!!

Until Next Time

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Who has the time to listen to a fuckin' hero monologue?

Chapter Summary

And by now, you should've somehow realised what you gotta do

Shit hits the fan and Tommy might have a rival in the villain presentation department

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The new villain standing outside of the top heroes penthouse, a boom box being held over his head playing The Able Sisters as if he was serenading them, The Warden and Planet Duck by his side attracting even more attention. Ranboo's hand entwined with Tommy's, squeezing it slightly as if to reassure the blond that he was there but Tommy knew it ran a little deeper than that, the possessive nature of his best friend ringing out. A show to the heroes that Ranboo had chosen Tommy and he would stay by his side, their entwined hands supporting the boombox. The avian kept his face forward as he could not afford to falter in this moment, they had an audience and he had a reputation to keep up.

Cameras were practically being shoved in their faces, he could see citizens holding their phones up at distance trying to record the action – not that there was much action at the moment – but the look of fear mixed with curiosity was not lost on the villain. Planet Duck, Quackity, placed a hand on his shoulder reassuringly and nodded at him, “You can do this, Thomas,” He kept his voice low, barely above a whisper that the avian himself almost missed, but care oozed from each word that passed the villain. The warden remained silent but Tommy knew him well enough to know that if anyone so much as raised a hand towards him then the warden would be the first one in the chaos.

After what felt like an eternity of waiting, but what could have only been a few minutes at most, the exact man that he was waiting for made his appearance. Inky black wings outstretched and his lips formed a thin line, his gaze landing directly on his kid, and because Crow Father is a coward, he was immediately followed by Harmony and Technoblade. Tommy only hoped that Niki was safe but he also knew that she was capable of holding her own, he didn't doubt her skills for even a second. And for a moment it felt as if no one else was present and that Tommy was a child again, desperately seeking the approval from the heroes that he truthfully knew he would never obtain but the avian had grown a lot and that kid he'd once been was long dead. Those cheap tactics wouldn't work anymore.

Instead, a shit-eating grin spread across his lips although the expression was currently obscured by the bandana that he used as a make-shift mask and he tossed the boombox into one of his villain companions' grip who turned the volume down for him. The avian gave the heroes watching from the comfort and safety of their balcony an over-exaggerated and over-dramatic bow, "It's been a long time," He lied with ease, of course it hadn't been that long. He didn't dare give the heroes time to reply lest they try to push the narrative in their favour as they always did, "So long in fact," He leaned up from his bow so that his eyes were fixed directly on Crow Father and he could see the concern flashing across his face as realisation dawned onto the hero.

"-That you said you didn't know who I was, *Dad*." As he ripped down his mask to reveal features too similar to Crow Father's for comfort. He took satisfaction in the way that a loud gasp shook throughout their audience and knowing that he was being recorded it wouldn't take long for this information to be everywhere. He waited for the top hero to deny it, for his brothers to deny his words, but it never came instead Crow Father's grip on the railing tightened.

Well that was new but the avian wasn't about to let that distract him, it didn't matter to him if the heroes had finally grown somewhat of a mortal compass, he straightened himself up and smirked, "Now, it's only fair that I warn you that underneath your penthouse is dozens of tons of TNT that I can trigger at any moment so it would be in your best interest to play nice." He didn't break eye-contact, taking enjoyment in watching the heroes squirm. If they wanted a villain, then he would be more than happy to play that role to its fullest.

The whole world seemed to move in slow motion after that as Tommy watched Crow Father propel himself off the balcony, wings flapping wildly behind him, and Harmony strumming a ukulele to create smaller than average music notes to use as stepping stones down to the ground. Technoblade remained but his eyes appeared to be trained on Planet Duck, which made sense as the pair had a vendetta against one another.

"Theseus," Crow Father strained, trying to ignore the gasp that came from the public surrounding them — that was a name the press knew well, a hand rubbing against his temple and Tommy wanted nothing more than to spit at his feet, "I think this little show has gone on for too long now." Okay, Tommy definitely wanted to do a lot more than spit at his feet. The hero was still trying to play the victim even now.

"C'mon, even *I* had a stage of teenage rebellion but don't you think this is a bit too far," Harmony's voice was sickently sweet, Tommy had always been convinced that the music hero

could cast a siren's spell with his tones, and a smile too large plastered onto his face. The cameras were still rolling.

Ranboo squeezed his hand tighter, as if to remind his best friend that he was by his side and he wasn't going anywhere, and that managed to ground Tommy. The avian instead grinned, he didn't care if this caused him to be seen as the antagonist because wasn't he already anyway? And he spoke, "It's time to incite chaos."

As soon as the words left his lips the, fortunately, empty building behind the crowd blew up. Horror flashed across the heroes' faces who until that point had been so convinced that Tommy's words had been a bluff but the falling debris was proof to the contrary. A single look shared between the villains, and one regular civilian, provided a stronger understanding than the heroes would ever have as Ranboo and Tommy disappeared in a flurry of twinkling purple particles but before Tommy saw The Warden and Planet Duck charging for Crow Father and Harmony – Tommy was even pretty sure he heard Quackity flirting with Harmony although he decided to ignore that.

The blueprints that Punz had provided them with had, in the end, been extremely helpful. Although Tommy could still remember the penthouse just as well as the back of his hand, it was important for Ranboo to be able to visualise for the teleportation to be accurate.

The screaming was a pretty good sign that they had teleported into the right room and Tommy could identify Sapnap's obnoxious screams anywhere. "I've missed you too, you bastard," The avian cackled, relief flooding through his entire body that the teleportation had taken them to the right location. Truthfully, he could cry but they didn't have time for that.

"Tommy!" The blaze hybrid cheered before his expression twisted and his voice melted with concern from each word but his face still fell victim to the fondness he held for the avian hybrid, "Tommy, what are you doing here?"

"Breaking you out, c'mon, Sap, I didn't think even you were that dumb, bitch." The insults fell from his tongue easily but felt a familiar warmth tugging at his heart, the blaze hybrid's smile matching his own.

“You’d be surprised by just how dumb he can be, trust me, I’ve been imprisoned with him,” George joked easily, his half-lidded eyes giving away that he hadn’t long woken up, If he was sensing Tommy’s anxiety about this escape plan then he didn’t say anything.

Ranboo had let go of Tommy’s hand and was inspecting the chains keeping their friends down, his face twisting into one of frustration, “We’re going to need to find a key, I don’t think there is any way for us to brute force this.” And he understood why the enderman hybrid sounded worried about that, although as far as they knew, currently only one hero was on their pursuit but Technoblade could be ruthless and Tommy wasn’t too keen to run into the blade hero any time soon, and finding the key meant they may have to patrol the corridors. His face noticeably paled at the idea.

That was until the blaze hybrid smirked, “Well... that might not be necessary.” He wiggled his eyebrows before continuing to speak, “Check my pocket.” Tommy didn’t miss that the villain sounded hopeful, with almost a tinge of desperation but he said nothing and nodded towards Ranboo. The enderman hybrid didn’t need to be told twice and his entire face lit up as he pulled a key out.

“You had a key? And somehow you didn’t think that was information that we should know?” The avian questioned incredulously, “How the fuck did you even get a key? Is it the right one for these chains?” Anxiety spilled from his words but there was an undertone of relief because if this was the right key then it lessened their chances of a run in with Technoblade and it meant that Tommy could be certain at least some of The Dream Team were safe.

A loud clunk bounced off the walls and the chains around Sapnap fell to the ground once Ranboo twisted the key in the lock. The blaze hybrid stretching his hands out in front of him and grinning wide, “I’ll be honest, I wasn’t entirely confident that would work.” He rubbed the back of his neck sheepishly, he was almost knocked on his ass though as the avian threw himself at the villain who wrapped his arms around him a big bear-hug.

“I missed my heater,” He murmured against the blaze hybrid’s chest, his voice muffled but Sapnap heard it, carding a hand gently through the avian’s hair. He hummed contently as he held Tommy close, not sure if he could ever bring himself to let go.

A grunt brought them out of it though as George, now freed, impatiently tapped his foot against the ground with a frown apparent on his lips although there was a twinkle behind his eyes that gave him away, “Do I not get a hug then?”

Tommy whined slightly but held his arm out towards the other villain, not wanting to leave the warmth, and ignored it as the burnet cooed at him. His face still buried in the blaze hybrid's chest, he knew that they didn't have time for this but it was his folk and his hybrid instincts were going crazy. Relaxing slightly as the empath joined the hug and sighed in content as he felt Tommy's relief and love for them, he could drown under it. "Ranboob, this includes you," He muttered as he lazily gestured towards the enderman hybrid who awkwardly shuffled over but accepted the embrace. This was home (well not quite, they were still missing one).

Unfortunately, they couldn't stay like this forever. "So, how did you get the key?" Ranboo attempted to ask again, considering the last time it didn't get answered. His question was accompanied by Tommy's very eloquent addition of, "And why the fuck did you not use it?"

"We couldn't use it," George answered with a shrug, "After Sapnap's first escape attempt, we were constantly being monitored and if we risked pulling the key out then we risked losing it."

"I got the key from Tubbo," Sapnap supplied, ignoring how Tommy's face twisted at the statement. He didn't want to even try to think about what possible reason the upcoming hero would have for trying to help or what alternative motives he had, turning his attention to Ranboo instead. The enderman hybrid's face dripped with sympathy and Tommy considered yelling at him for a moment.

An explosion from outside reminded him that they were on a time-limit, The Warden and Planet Duck couldn't distract the heroes forever, even with the added assistance of Jack Manifold and Niki there was no assurance that they'd win – as much as Tommy hated to admit it, there was a reason why Phil, Wilbur and Techno were the top ranking heroes. He shook his head in an attempt to ground himself and his face morphed into one of determination.

His eyes locked with the enderman hybrid and he remembered what Tommy had told him before the mission, the avian nodded towards him and Ranboo huffed. He wanted to shake the villain by the shoulders, truthfully, but what good would that do when he knew Tommy was determined. He gave him a nod back to confirm his understanding. Arms still around George and Sapnap.

“See, this is the part where the hero would give this long fuckin’ speech about saving the day, where the hero would say that he was ready to risk everything for who he cares about – his *family* – and about how he’s grateful for everything those around him did for him, perhaps he would mention that even though he knows it could be the end, he had the chance to meet them and that was enough,” Tommy then winked and smirked, “Good thing that I’m not a hero, right?”

With another swift nod towards Ranboo whose face was twisted with a deeper understanding and hesitation but at the end of the day, he trusted Tommy. He prepared himself but before he could George reached out and touched the side of the teenager's face with a gentleness not commonly shown by the empath. “Will you be alright?” He seemed to have accepted what was about to happen, he was drinking in the concern of both the enderman hybrid and Sapnap, almost buckling under the weight of it.

The smirk flipped into a grin, Tommy tilted his head to the side, “You fuckers got the heroes out of my head, I’ll be okay,” He reassured, surprising himself with just how much he meant the statement. He was going to get Dream back, no matter how much it cost him.

George’s hands moved from Tommy’s face, he rested against his best friend’s side as Sapnap took the empath’s hand, Ranboo with his arms wrapped over both of their shoulders as his height allowed him to loom over both villains. Sapnap, seeming to finally catch on and knowing that attempting to convince Tommy otherwise would be fruitless, saluted the avian, “You’d better come back to us in one piece,” He leaned forward with a dangerously serious expression on his face, “Or else I’m going to have to perform ‘Evil like me’ with fucking George.” The villain barely bit back a snicker.

Tommy watched as the three disappeared into particles and he finally allowed himself to breathe freely.

Chaos, that was the only defining word that could be used for the fight raging on outside the penthouse, explosions coming from every corner and more heroes than had ever been seen in one place before. Ranboo loosened his grip on the two members of The Dream Team and almost collapsed to the ground, he had to be careful using his ability now, he had tired himself out too much the last time. The enderman hybrid wanted to help, he had made his

choice and he demanded to prove it, to prove that he had chosen to be by Tommy because he always believed in choosing people over sides and Tommy was his sun as he was the moon.

Cameras were positioned from every angle, drinking in the violence of the fight. Ranboo remembered Tommy's rule of chaos; nobody gets hurt – at least not physically – and he knew what he could do to help. The teenager forced down his anxiety with a thick swallow, the public were too close to the action, somebody could get hurt. The heroes didn't seem to care, ironic. It was up to him and without a word to the villains he had found himself befriended, he went off into the crowd.

Sapnap and George shared a look as Ranboo vanished, they knew the teenager would be okay, he was as strong as his resolve. Planet Duck glanced over his shoulder and grinned, easily deflecting against one of Harmony's attacks, "Took you both long enough," He teased. His easy attitude didn't hide the beads of sweat dripping from his forehead though or the undertone of relief as his eyes landed on the two villains. It was funny, with their numbers they should easily outnumber the heroes but there was still a struggle.

Harmony's eyes narrowed as they landed on the two villains, his sights set on Sapnap – he still wasn't exactly happy about the blaze hybrid burning his guitar. "You're not going to try to play wonderwall on that, are you?" Sapnap groaned as he gestured to the ukulele he'd been forced to use in its stead,

"I'll make sure they play it at your *funeral*," Wilbur hissed in reply, a threat if Sapnap had ever heard one, the music hero preparing to aim for the blaze hybrid. Well, Sapnap couldn't have that, his entire body set ablaze, with a wicked grin on his face, he charged straight for Harmony.

Their fight, however, was interrupted by a large crackling under their feet and a laughter that made blood turn to ice. Tremors in the earth. Jack Manifold hovered above the rest, a hellish smirk curved onto his lips as his hands glowed with the sheer energy of the earth he was moving, his black cloak discarded revealing his usual blue and black hoodie (the holes that had been cut for Tommy's wings currently hidden) but his 3D glasses had been removed to show the black orbs with flickers of flames that functionated as his eyes. The demon cracked his neck to the side, as he cracked it the earth moved with it, his presence demanded attention.

Beneath him was a sight perhaps even more terrifying, Nemesis, in all of her glory. The retired villain's smirk wider than her demon partner in crime, a hissing hole in the penthouse's wall revealed her exit, a puddle of poison following her trail and knocked out bodies of lower level guards. Her eyes met the hero she'd betrayed and tauntingly she gave him a small wave. The words leaving her tongue had once been a joke made by the public on how incompetent her and Jack were as villains – the jokes had only increased once the demon had been jailed – a joke which had compared their incompetence to cartoon villains and although they had once been happy to play that role perhaps it was time to show the heroes what true power was.

“Prepare for trouble!” Niki's fingertips bubbled with poison, occasionally splashing onto the ground eating away at it as if it were nothing.

Her counterpart raised a hand lifting a portion of the ground with ease, shaking the heroes who had rushed to aid Harmony and Crow Father, avoiding the public because Jack still owed Tommy, “And make it double.”

Within the chaos nobody seemed to notice a knocked out Warden and Crow Father slipping back into the penthouse building.

Chapter End Notes

Hello!!

I apologise, as always, for it being a later upload. I've mentioned a few times that I was moving to a different country for studying (so I am in a different timezone) and I have currently been here for two weeks so it's been settling in but you can all say thank you to my roommate for pushing me to upload lmao

BIG THANK YOU AS WELL TO EVERYONE THAT GAVE SUGGESTIONS FOR STUFF FOR ME TO WATCH IN THE LAST CHAPTER, you all get a platonic forehead kiss

I hope this didn't feel too rushed, I promise there will be more detail next chapter, there was more I wanted to add in this one but I felt like it would be dragging so instead you guys get BAMF Niki and Jack because they are criminally underrated.

Also there is a reason why Technoblade never walked in on Ranboo and Tommy freeing Sapnap and George, any ideas as to why?

As always any kudos, comment, bookmark or even just you reading is deeply appreciated!

Until Next Time (which won't be as long)
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Start moving forward and stop looking back

Chapter Summary

Well, well, look whose inside again

Someone joins Tommy's team, we find out what happened to Technoblade and more is uncovered

TW //

character death

mentioned sickness/illness

mentions of neglect (very brief)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Meowth, that’s right,” Tommy murmured, a playful smirk curving onto his lips as the chaos from outside echoed through the walls, the boom of two underestimated villains joining the crowd. A newly found confidence surged through his body.

It was weird, the avian had expected to feel a sadness or something whilst stealthing along the corridors of the place he’d once lived but instead all that remained was a pounding at the front of his brain, determination flooding through his veins like serotonin intoxicating him with the need to find Dream and get out. His breath found him a lot easier now.

The lack of guards wasn’t overly surprising, Tommy suspected they’d been sent down below to help with the fight roaring on outside and it wasn’t as if the penthouse had ever been heavily guarded to begin with – the three heroes were strong enough on their own – but what did actually take the teenager by surprise was when he found Technoblade. He had been expecting to run into the blade hero, of course he had, he knew that the hero was calculating and strong and he had been expected to be grabbed by the scruff of his neck.

But what he hadn’t been expecting was an unconscious Technoblade on the floor, drooling on the carpet, and fluttering above his head with the headache-inducing mechanical whirr was Tubbo. The wannabe villain met his ex-best friend's eyes and although there were conversations that still had to be said and apologies for words that had been too harsh, an

abandonment that hadn't been fully thought out, this was a start; an olive branch extended out to him.

"Aren't you supposed to be a hero?" Tommy irked an eyebrow but the smile threatening to curve onto his lips gave him away. It wasn't forgiveness, not yet, but he had to admit there was something comfortingly familiar.

"Training to be a hero," Tubbo corrected easily with a grin, "But someone showed me that the path of villainhood seemed a lot more fun, corruption arc time baby!" His words lacked seriousness and amusement flickered behind his eyes.

Tommy huffed through his nose thoughtfully for a few moments, his brain ticking away, and then once everything properly caught up with him, "YOU MANAGED TO KNOCK OUT TECHNO?"

The shulker hybrid shrugged, his purple armour coating his skin as Tubbo flexed his hand giving away how he'd done it and Tommy very almost burst into laughter at the thought. The warmth curled around the avian's heart but he simply spoke again, "Glad you've finally managed to grow a spine, big man." Teasing words, Tubbo truthfully had always been braver than Tommy.

Another boom came from below and for a second the entire world shook, that was Jack, and Tommy was brought spiralling back into their situation. He would most likely be safe with Technoblade, the only hero he knew was in the building, being knocked out. His hands grasped around the key that Sapnap had given him, the key that had come from Tubbo supposedly, there was still a traitorous part of his mind that whispered about ulterior motives. But for now, he was going to trust him, he was going to take the olive branch.

"I can go and help them," Tubbo said, a fiery determination almost matching Tommy's own affixed on his face, he didn't really look like he was going to take no for an answer. Hey, Tommy did want the press talking about them and the turning of Tubbo from being an upcoming hero, the golden boy of the city, to villainy then perhaps that could prove useful for them. The avian nodded in response.

The shulker hybrid reached out his arm that wasn't covered with the thick shell of armoured skin, the one with the red bandana wrapped around it, and bumped it against Tommy's,

“Good luck, bossman.”

A, ‘you too’ is on the tip of his tongue when Tubbo stops right in front of a giant glass window, one foot on the ledge and a grin on his face, “Wait, I need to say your dumb saying, right?”

The avian rolled his eyes, “Dream’s dumb saying,” He corrected because it was, the saying had been coined by Dream but Tommy had taken to using it too, the way that the masked villain would coo and ruffle his hair with teasing accusations of Tommy being a mini verison of him, being his little brother and that made the dumb saying worth it.

“Uh blah blah blah, it’s time to cause chaos!” Tubbo yelled as he smashed through the window, luckily unscathed due to the amour leaving the avian in the corridor alone with the knocked out body of his former brother.

It was close enough, Tommy guessed, a laugh almost pushing its way out of his lips. He supposed he’d better continue. His eyes lingered on the blade hero and he wished that he had a pen on him but instead he settled for snatching the crow off the unconscious pig’s head.

Unfortunately, no matter how strong his resolve, Tommy stumbles across the door that he remembers being shut in his face too many times. A door he was told that he wasn’t allowed to open. A beautiful door, black in colour and engraved with silver stars, standing out painfully against the cream coloured doors.

“I’ve got time,” The villain whispered, his hands already curling around the silver door handle.

She’d always been the best of them. Tommy looked up at her but he still couldn’t meet her eyes, his foot shuffling nervously behind his back, but he wasn’t sure exactly why, it wasn’t as if she could say anything to him. Her dark eyes softened at the edges and a happy smile was tugging on her lips, he could almost recall her voice.

She was as beautiful as she'd always been, frozen in place, waves of dark hair framing her face. The avian sighed, wishing he could remember more, but he supposed it was unfair he had practically been a baby – he knew Techno and Wilbur had both guarded him as a baby at the time. He'd been their sun at the time, so full of life, he could remember that. It might have been Wilbur or maybe it was Technoblade sitting him on their lap and playing with his fluffy locks of gold, whispering in his ear how precious he was, that he was life.

When she was still here there was happiness, there was love, her dark eyes would watch over him as he slept. The baby pressed against her chest as she finished the bedtime story, despite Tommy being asleep, despite her voice fading.

She was the reason why he could never truly hate heroes in the same way that Dream did because she'd been one. Heroes could be selfish, Tommy doubted there were any that fought for the people anymore, but she hadn't been. She'd been as selfless as they'd come. Crow Fath- Phil had been like that too once. It was why he'd wanted to be a hero so badly.

But then she'd died, she'd gotten sick and she'd died, in the most unheroic way possible. Tommy had wished for years that she'd died in battle or from saving someone but that wasn't how life worked. It took and it didn't care who the person was, death had taken her into its embrace.

"I wanted to name you Tommy but your brother was so intent that we call you Theseus, he was so eager that neither me or dad could say no but you'll always be my little Tommy." The words had been whispered and a smile had been plastered on her lips painted with black lipstick, the exchange felt like a secret between the two of them, something only they knew.

He wished he could remember her name, he knew who she was, of course he did but hard shoves to the floor and screaming matches with his siblings and a stern word from Phil had told him that he wasn't allowed to call her *that*, he hadn't really known her so he didn't have that right. He wasn't allowed to mourn or cry because he had been a 'baby' and the love had been taken away along with her.

Theseus was confused. Dad was pacing the hallway back and forth outside of the room with the black door adorned with silver stars. He tilted his head to the side, not speaking as he

had been told in a rather strained tone by dad to keep it down please, normally the blond would have made more noise at that request but he'd never seen his dad like this. He didn't understand.

Shortly after Wilbur and Techno came out of the room, wet streaks soaking their faces and Theseus reached for Wilbur's hand only for the burnet to push him off, "Not now, Theseus." The snappish tone was something he only received when he'd done something really bad so he quickly retracted his hand to his chest. Technoblade wouldn't even look at him, his eyes cast to the ground and deliberately avoiding anyone's gaze.

"Theseus," A croaky voice came from the now open door and the youngest walked forward, dad hesitantly followed behind him but the second he took one step into the door he was met with a raised eyebrow. Mum looked tired, bags under her eyes and her skin a stark white, but she still managed a teasing smile, "I don't remember calling your name, Phil." Her words were broken apart and a hacking cough came shortly after. Although he didn't look overly happy dad took a step back and closed the door.

Mum's smile turned a bit more mischievous after he left, "Now that old sod is gone, what fun should we get up to, Toms?" The smile didn't do much to mask the tiredness behind her eyes but Theseus was only young, he didn't notice anything really wrong. There was something off but the concept of death was still too foreign to him.

He debated tattling on Wilbur for pushing him but decided against it, "Tell me the story again!" He squealed in excitement instead and his mum only laughed fondly. She patted next to her on the bed and helped pull Theseus up, wrapping an arm around him. Her hands lit up with silvery sparkles and Theseus was sure that his mum could control the entire galaxy in her hold. She was only meant to be a healer but this power was reserved for her family alone.

"They called her the Goddess of Death," His mum began as she twisted and manipulated her powers in order to create the figure of a woman, "And she came from a family of villains, her powers were a blessing to them for she could kill with only the snap of her fingers." She mimicked snapping her fingers as Theseus hung on to her every word, "But she hated being feared, hated innocent people whispering her name as if the name itself was a curse-"

The sparkles changed dancing along the palm of her hand, they showed the same starry woman resting on her knees, people shunning her and ducking away from her, "But there was

one man who wasn't afraid so he sought out the Goddess of Death." She formed a man, he was tall with a comically large hat and wings, "He told her that he believed she could be more than her powers. Powers don't define who we are, that is what he told her and for the first time she found herself believing that perhaps she didn't have to be bad. She could be more."

The man and woman danced together, the sparkles bringing them closer until she was leaned against his chest as he held her close, Theseus faked a gag as they kissed, "He showed her that she could use her powers to heal, if she could bring death closer than why couldn't she hold it back too, and she fell in love with that man. The hero who saved her and made her a hero too."

The story vanished and she booped Theseus' nose with a smile, "We are more than our powers, more than our hybrid traits, more than our abilities." The words held a weight that the youngest didn't quite understand yet, "You will be great, Tommy."

Another cough passed her lips more violent and demanding than the last and Theseus thought her eyes might pop out of her skull. Her free hand reached out and cupped his face, desperately wanting to say something else to him but the words couldn't come out as her breath became sarace and her coughing only grew worse. Theseus could see red slipping between the fingers of the hand covering her mouth.

"You'll always be my little-" She couldn't finish her sentence as the coughing worsened still and her eyes slipped shut. The monitor next to her bed going haywire and Theseus was quickly taken out of the room.

In a way, he wondered if that is where the resentment began, he hadn't known at the time what he knew now but Tommy was the last person she'd ever spoken to. The last one to hear her voice and he thinks they've never forgiven him for that. He was the baby, barely any memories of her at all, yet he was the last one. It hadn't been long after that Phil had stopped being his dad, throwing himself into his work but he was no longer a hero of the people, he would only take jobs that could increase his popularity, make his image better. Once Wilbur and Techno got old enough, they'd gone too.

Tommy had been ignored, pushed away, neglected until he was old enough to start showing hybrid traits. When he was old enough to be of use to them again. But that, of course, hadn't

been good enough in the end. He remembered praising the home-cooked meals he'd had one of the first nights at The Den, Dream had told him that he never should have had to go without. His wings wrapped around him protectively.

“Do you still think that I could be great?” He asked the picture, his words barely above a whisper and he wondered if she could ever hear him. Would she be disappointed in what he's become? Would she like Dream or resent him? Would she think he was right or wrong? (Of course, she'd always understood things were more than just black and white).

Before she could answer, if she even could, he heard a familiar disappointed tone, “You shouldn't be in here.”

Chapter End Notes

Hello!!

New chapter finally dropped, again you can thank my roommate for this being out lmao, i've been working on this chapter for basically the entire two weeks cause I wanted to get it just right.

anyone have any guessed for what kristin was trying to say because i'll give you a hint, it wasn't about to be "little tommy"

also i loved everyone in the last chapter thinking techno was going to end up trying to help tommy, yeah not yet at least but it was a good guess!!

I hope you all have a fantastic day and as always your kudos, comments, bookmarks and even just you reading is deeply appreciated!

Until Next Time

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Don't try to gaslight the already messed up kid

Chapter Summary

It hurt like nothing in the world sometimes

Tubbo's intro to villain life and Tommy has a long awaited conversation

tw //

child abuse

neglect

gaslighting

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tubbo was grateful for the armour that adorned his skin because without it he was sure he would've been ripped to ribbons with the sheer amount of glass surrounding him.

The smashed window seemed to attract some attention too and the shulker hybrid didn't miss the look of relief that flooded onto Wilbur's face as the music hero spotted the teenager who he still believed to be on their side. A more confident and easy smile tugging on the corners of his lips as he held his ukulele out of the flaming grasp of Sapnap, who Tubbo was about eighty percent sure was screaming something about how he never wanted to be subject to hours of Wonderwall ever again, he decided that he didn't even want to ask. 404 caught sight of Tubbo and tilted his head to the side slightly, a curious expression painted on his face, clearly wanting to see whose side the shulker was going to fight on.

Mechanical wings fluttered behind his back the previously upcoming hero gently floated to the ground, well as gently as he could considered Jack Manifold's constant pulses of rock towers which stretched through the air, shaking the ground and threatening to whack him on more than one occasion during his descent. He also chose to stay as far away as possible from Nemesis who had poison leaking from her fingertips, melting through the concrete ground as she fought against the heroes who had appeared to try and defend the top heroes against the villain on slaughter.

It didn't help ease Tubbo's nerves that he couldn't see Phil anywhere. But he'd told Tommy that he was going to help and help he would. He flexed his fingers, a chaotic and wild expression forming on his features.

Ranboo had ushered the majority of civilians out of the area, or at the very least out of where they'd be at the chance of immediate damage, stray for a few reports with cameras recording the entire event. Tubbo expected them to be live, an ongoing news report of how the villains have once again succeeded in causing chaos and how they should be feared, he could barely contain himself. Mechanical wings stopped their buzzing from behind his back as he landed securely on his feet.

"Tubbo!" Wilbur, Harmony, sounded relieved and the music hero wasn't even bothering much to hide it, "This will be great for your training, think you could give me a hand?" That charismatic smile plastered onto his face but it didn't weigh out the clear desperation as he deflected an oncoming attack from Planet Duck but being knocked back by Jack Manifold's tremors in the earth. ("To protect the world from devastation." "To unite all people within our nation." Mocking laughter left the duo to Tubbo's left as many heroes fell helplessly under the underestimated villain duo's attack.)

The shulker hybrid pantomimed thinking about Wilbur's words before speaking, "Mhmm, you know what, I don't think I will." The red bandana wrapped securely around his wrist flapped against the harsh winds, reminding him who he was doing this all for, trying to win his ex-best friend back.

He watched Wilbur's face fall and 404's lit up, the empath villain smirked and Tubbo didn't doubt that he was probably reading his emotions, that was good, he could feel the fiery determination driving him forward making it clear that he was on their side because unlike Ranboo he did choose sides. His armour curled around his facial feature, giving the burnet a more dangerous appearance. Unjolted by the quaking earth he lunged for the music hero who now had three villains on top of him.

This was for Tommy.

An overused apology pursed at the front of his lips almost breaking through as Tommy's shoulders slumped, it was almost as if he was a child again and he could feel the unforgiving cold eyes of the man he'd once called his dad.

Perhaps in another life then the apology would have escaped. He would have gotten on his knees and begged for forgiveness for even the false pretence of fatherly love but the words, from George of all people, rang out in the back of his mind: *you shouldn't feel guilty for wanting to feel loved*. That was enough for him to shake his clouding mind off and instead he shook his head as if to dispel the thoughts, a smirk formed from faked confidence tugged on his lips, "And why shouldn't I be, Crow *Father*?" He spat the family term out as if it felt a bad taste in his mouth, turning his body to face the hero, dipping low into an over-exaggerated bow. His eyes meeting the matching ones of Phil.

He felt the familiar sting of bitterness threatening to spill over, at least that was an emotion that the avian knew how to handle, but he wanted to give Phil a chance to answer. Curiosity can be a virtue but it can also be a curse and in Tommy's case it has nearly always been a curse.

Phil rested a hand against his forehead and sighed exasperatedly, as if this conversation was completely unnecessary but it had always been necessary, "You know why." Of course, never an explanation, only expecting him to understand. Still, the avian supposed it was miles better than being told what the hero really thought.

Tommy's wings fluttered nervously behind his back because, well, he was still cornered and he wasn't low enough to break through the windows in her resting place. He needed to distract long enough to weasel his way out, "Oh, c'mon, where's that nice act you had before? I came home, didn't I?" One of his hands instinctively rested on the knife handle that hung from his hip, "My act of 'teenage rebellion' brought me back here, didn't it?" Sarcasm dripped from each word that he spoke. He was curious how far he could push before that same apathetic man who raised him came out to play, trying to dig his talons into him again.

"Theseus," Phil chided, a warning dancing behind his tone, warning him to stop.

Tommy had always been a gremlin child, he'd always forgone warnings and had always pushed as hard as he could, "I'm just saying," He held up his hands in mock-innocence but the smirk curving onto his lips gave away his real intentions. "What are you going to do, big man? You're outnumbered. Technoblade is fuckin' knocked out, Harmony doesn't stand a

chance against a pissed off Sapnap and Jack and Niki will fuckin' destroy any backup you try and call, that's not even mentioning Ge-404, Planet Duck, The Warden and Ranboo." There was such fondness behind every villain name that the avian uttered, a fiery determination fuelling him forward.

The hero took a few steps closer, not enough – he was still blocking the door, "Why do you always speak as if you don't know us?" A jealous swirling behind his words born from the pure affection that radiated from Tommy whenever he spoke of the villains, a sentiment that was not shared whenever he mentioned the heroes.

"Because I don't."

Phil looked as if a sword had been driven directly through his heart and if Tommy didn't know any better, if he didn't know the games this man could play, then he perhaps would've believed that the hero was genuinely hurt. "Now, mate, you don't mean that." The overly friendly smile was back, the one reserved for citizens but had never been for Tommy, it didn't reach his eyes.

"You pretended that you didn't know me first," The words began almost inaudible, his own breathing was louder, he could hear his heartbeat in his ears rapidly getting louder. "That I was simply some naïve manipulated kid tricked into helping the villains with their bidding and y'know what, Phil? You were half-right, I was a naïve manipulated kid but it wasn't the villains that did that, it wasn't Dream, it wasn't Sapnap, it wasn't 404, it was you." An airy laugh escaped him, "So maybe it was a fuckin' villain, a villain in the realest definition of the word." He'd never admitted it out loud, he was certain Dream would be proud, something about him being able to face his trauma.

Trauma, he was pretty sure Dream had been the first person to call it that and then Sapnap and then George and then Ranboo, the list got longer as he had gotten older. He wasn't just some kid being whiny because he wasn't getting attention, he wasn't another kid pretending that his father was a superhero because he wanted so desperately to believe it, no what he'd gone through had been real, Tubbo had been the first to believe him and then the villains. It was almost laughable.

"I'm sure she's so pleased with her big *happy* family!" The villain roared with laughter because he had to laugh otherwise he was certain that he would burst into tears and

completely shatter in front of Phil and he couldn't do that. He refused to give the hero anything that he could use to try and sink it again.

He watched Phil's hand ball into a fist and for a second he was almost sure that the hero was about to raise a hand to him, that Tommy's cheek would be decorated with a handprint. Instead the hero spoke, "You don't get to speak about her, you do remember that, don't you?"

Of course he did. But that didn't mean he was going to listen. For once he was going to speak his mind.

"She was my mum," He didn't allow Phil time to butt in, "She raised me more than you ever did, funny considering she's fuckin' dead and has been for a long time and as far as I can tell you are still very much alive."

Tommy could almost feel her eyes on him, the portrait burning holes into his back, he wanted to face her and to apologise for this happening in her resting place, that she had to bear witness to the ugly end of her family. She was the only reason Tommy even still considered himself tied to them.

"Do you want to know what she told me before she passed away? Before she asked to see you?" Phil asked, deceptively light, "She said; 'you'd better not ruin that kid' but I didn't need to do anything, *Tommy*, you ruined yourself." His glare was cold and Tommy could feel himself turning to ice under it. He needed an out but Phil was still blocking that fucking door.

The avian was in disbelief, once he maybe would've been convinced too, "You almost *drowned* me and yet I ruined myself? Are you that far up your own fuckin' arse, old man, that you can't even see what you did wrong." Red painted his words, red blurring the edges of his vision. His wings had wrapped around him protectively as if to shield him from Phil's words. That barely scratched the surface of what the heroes had done to him, of how they'd ruined him.

"Actually, and forgive my old brain if I'm getting a little confused, I'm sure it was actually Niki and Jack that almost drowned you. I just wanted to take my son out, how was I supposed to know that the bridge would be destroyed?" But the smirk tugging on the edges of his lips

gave him away and it took everything in Tommy not to punch the hero in the face. The hand rested on the knife hanging on his hip curled around the handle but he knew himself that he didn't have the heart to do it.

"Like how I supposedly knew that Jack and Niki were going to destroy it," Tommy replied coldly, he wasn't going to fall into the hero's web of lies, he'd spent too long crawling his way out, "And how I supposedly told the court that I was trying to take them down, at ten years old, and how they'd supposedly tried to use me as bait against you despite not even noticing I was there until it was too late."

Phil was basically right on top of him before he even realised it, dangerously sharp talons cupping his cheek but not breaking the skin, "You always were a wild child." The talons pressed further into his skin but still not enough to break. A warning that he wouldn't hesitate.

"Yeah, I was," The avian laughed softly, careful not to move too much under the hold of the hero, "I mourn him sometimes, that naïve wild child who would do anything for his father or his brothers with just a snap of their fingers. He'd only wanted to be loved." It was true, sometimes Tommy mourned the version of him that was long dead, the young kid who had been so desperate for love. "I think that was when he died, the fall from that bridge, I called Techno Lycomedes but I guess in the end he wasn't the one who'd pushed me."

"You weren't showing any signs of manifesting hybrid traits," Phil, finally, confessed, "I wanted to speed up the process." Tommy's wings wrapped further around him as if to try and protect him from the words. "Severe stress is one way to do that, nearly dying surely should have caused these to burst from your back." With his free hand he gently ran a claw down Tommy's wings causing the avian to flinch. He was very specific with who he let touch his wings and Phil was not one of those people.

He'd said it, admitted what Tommy had suspected for years. Phil's features changed and his expression became one of faux gentleness, "This is a gift. You came home, Theseus, and you have wings." The avian's hand tightened around the handle of his knife, "When I said you'd never be a hero, Theseus, you have to understand that wasn't a challenge, you'll never be a hero." The words were whispered into the avian's ears and he could hear the smirk, "That's what Wil told you, right? When you persisted? Perhaps he was wrong, I think you could be a hero."

That was all Tommy had ever wanted. “I could be a hero?”

“All I ask is that you use that pretty little knife that you’re thinking of lunging into me with against your villain friend,” The hero murmured, “That’s it. You know Dream isn’t a good guy, Theseus, he twisted your mind. He told you that we were the enemies. You know that he’s bad, don’t you? He’s killed people, Thes.” His voice crooned, causing Tommy’s bird brain to sing, “I know you can do it, baby bird.”

“All I have to do to be a hero is get rid of Dream,” Tommy asked, blue eyes wide and shining with an innocence and Phil grinned victoriously. He nodded in response.

Phil didn’t even realise when Tommy’s knife was plunged into his side, not enough to kill him, “I hate having to break the rules of inciting chaos but I’m sure Dream will understand.” A grin spread onto the avian’s lips as the hero yanked himself away from the wannabe villain, his hand dropping to his side and pulling away from the fresh wound a bright red colour. “Did you really think I was going to fall for that fuckin’ shit? I guess you really don’t know me.” He wanted to stay and taunt the hero more but Phil was probably used to worse than a simple knife wound.

He had to save his real family. The key to Dream’s chains burning a hole in his pocket, he had to go. He didn’t know how long he had. He could hear Phil screaming after him, he doubted this was the last time that he would see him.

“I think I really do fuckin’ hate you,” The avian whispered despite the words breaking him slightly. The boy who lived to love, who felt so much that it was overwhelming, who the empath had thought was incapable of hatred. He hated those who he’d been born to love.

Chapter End Notes

Hello!!

Yeah, a lot of people really confirmed their hatred for c!phil last chapter and well, this probably is going to make this much better, is it? (also I might need to remove the tag that says Phil tries to get better cause I do not think it is going down that route anymore lmao)

This may seem as if it is nearing it's end but I can confirmed it's not time yet but Dream content in the next chapter because I've missed writing him.

Drop any theories you might have in the comments below because I love to see what you are thinking!!

As always your kudos, comments, bookmarks and even just you reading is deeply appreciated!! Hope you have a fantastic day

Until Next Time

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Brotherly Bonding (and absolutely nothing goes wrong)

Chapter Summary

If you could only be what you pretend you are

Dream and Tommy finally get reunited (maybe this was an excuse to write mostly fluff)
and Phil is a bastard

tw //

mentioned child abuse (extremely brief)
gaslighting
briefly mentioned character death

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream, quite frankly, was growing tired of being held prisoner.

The chains weighing down his hands prevented him from using his powers, which was to be expected, he had already known that the heroes weren't planning on making escape easy for him. His porcelain mask stared up at him with the same mocking smile that it had since he'd had it stripped from him, how long had it been since he'd felt the familiar source of comfort? Too long, surely, but he'd been able to ignore his aching discomfort by finding solace in the fact that Tommy was safe. Now he couldn't even be sure of that.

Tommy, that wonderful fucking idiot, had come to rescue him. Of course he had, Dream should have been prepared for that. The kid was as loyal as they came, that was why the heroes hadn't executed them on the spot, The Dream Team's entire purpose had been to play the role of the carrot. A reward hanging in front of the avian's face and all he had to do to collect his prize was return home- No, the masked villain refused to acknowledge this *place* as Tommy's home, it was too fancy, he could not imagine the mucky teenager sitting around like some kind of porcelain doll, it wasn't fitting.

The Den, as far as Dream was aware, was Tommy's home, where Sapnap was, where George was, where Ranboo was, where he was... that would always be the avian's home. He could only hope that Crow Father hadn't been able to plant himself back in Tommy's mind again,

he'd spent too long trying to break that teenager out of the cycle of abuse that he'd been forced to endure, he refused to let Tommy go back to that, no matter what it cost.

Perhaps that's why he was so frustrated in his current state, chained to a chair and completely helpless. He wasn't the top villain feared on the streets, he was a scared older brother. He couldn't lose Tommy, he knew in his heart that it wouldn't be the same as losing Foolish but still despite that and perhaps it was selfish but he didn't want to go through anything similar to that again.

As if Prime was listening to his concerns and wishes the door was knocked against, Dream heard a long line of curse words coming from the other side of a voice that so welcomingly familiar, "Oh shit, of course it fuckin' opens outwards, because that makes complete sense!" The wannabe villain complained and the door flew open. Tommy sheepishly gave the villain a wave in the doorway, rubbing the arm that he'd supposedly used in an attempt to breakdown the door, but the villain found his eyes focusing on the knife that had hastily been pushed into its holder on his hip and the deep red liquid dripping from it.

It had to be blood and if it was coating Tommy's blade then at the very least Dream knew it probably wasn't the avian's but that thought wasn't as comforting as it should be. The masked villain had worked hard to ensure that Tommy couldn't actually be considered a villain, besides a few accounts of being an accomplice and blowing up the hero agency (and the building across the street from the penthouse, but hey Dream didn't need to know about that!), and he couldn't imagine the teenager having the mentality to end a life. He had to hold hope that Tommy had only used the weapon in self-defence, he definitely didn't want the avian to go down a path that he couldn't come back from.

"Don't worry, I didn't fuckin' kill the bastard," Tommy answered his unspoken question, obviously seeing the masked villain staring at the knife, "Just a distraction. It was a small wound, it wasn't even that deep, so we need to get moving cause for being an old prick, I'll give Phil something, he's pretty resilient."

He swiftly removed the key from his pocket, seeing the look of confusion on Dream's face, the avian managed a small grin, "A gift from an old friend." He twiddled the small item between his fingers and it didn't take a genius for the villain to figure out where the key had come from; he supposed that Tubbo hadn't lied about helping him to get out.

Greasy strands of hair fell in front of Tommy's eyes as the sweat made it hard for him to keep a hold on the key, anxiety bubbling as it always did, he held his breath as he finally managed to put the key in the lock and prayed to whichever god would care to listen to him that it worked. Closing his eyes momentarily he silently asked her, if she was even listening, to do him one favour.

The key turned in the lock and the chains fell to the floor.

The masked villain rubbed his wrists, the skin slightly irritated from the constant press of metal, he flexed his fingers and took a sigh of relief as his green puppet strings danced in front of him. It felt incredible to be able to stand again.

"Here," Tommy nudged him, having snatched the mask off the table whilst Dream wasn't looking and was now holding it up to the villain, "You don't look like as much of an edgy bastard without it." Mischief glimmered behind his eyes and a playful smirk had curved onto his lips and how the villain had missed that.

Affixing the mask to his face, Dream smiled – a genuine smile – for the first time in what felt like forever, "Are you telling me, Toms-" He wrapped an arm around the avian, holding him in a playful choke hold, "-That you missed this edgy bastard?"

Trying to keep up his reputation, Tommy tried, without much heart, to push Dream off of him, "No, what the fuck? Why would I miss you?" He protested loudly as his pseudo-brother only cooed in response.

"It's okay, Toms, you can tell me that you missed me! I missed you too!" The villain simply continued to coo, keeping the avian in his chokehold and refusing to relent, even as Tommy pushed at him with slight more force continuing to protest against the soft villain but the flustered expression was giving away more than he wanted it to – especially when the villain insisted that he had missed Tommy too.

"Die," The avian exclaimed, his face a deep crimson at this point, as he managed to wriggle out from the villain's arms, "I should let the heroes have you."

“Oh Tommy, you wound me,” Dream put a hand over his heart in an over-dramatic fashion but Tommy could practically hear the grin on the villain’s lips. It would be a lie if he said that he hadn’t missed it, a familiar warmth clutching at his heart.

He simply flipped Dream back, “Good.” Truthfully, the avian wanted to engulf himself in the villain’s arms and get the hug he’d been craving since The Dream Team got captured but they’d wasted enough time messing about, “C’mon, let’s get the fuck out of here.” He fished an item out of his back pocket and held it up, an item not unlike the one he’d used to blow up the building outside, “I’d hate to have to use this.” He pulled his bandana up to cover his face.

Techno’s head felt as though it was splitting in two as he blinked back into consciousness, he was rather surprised to find himself lying on the floor. That wasn’t something he was used to.

It took a minute for his brain to catch up with itself and his lips formed a scowl. *Tubbo*. The shulker hybrid that Phil had been so intent on bringing into their family and training, ‘*He has the makings of a hero, Tech, I can tell.*’ Yeah, sure he had. If there was one thing Techno hated it, it was being betrayed and Tubbo had done exactly that.

Of course he had. The teenager had looked distraught once they’d returned home from capturing The Dream Team, perhaps it was an oversight on his behalf to put Tubbo in charge of watching Dream — he could too easily recall Dream’s words calling him out, but hadn’t it been Tubbo’s fault that Theseus had gotten away? If he hadn’t given him the chance to get the slip-

There was no point thinking about that now. It wasn’t going to do him any good, the situation revolving around Tubbo’s betrayal could be dealt with later, right now, there was a high chance Theseus was lurking somewhere within the halls of the penthouse and Techno wanted to find him. He knew that his brother would come home, even if it wasn’t for him.

The blade hero took to searching the halls, his head still banging from the impact of Tubbo’s armour but he was lucky to not have a concussion (as far as he was aware at least). Techno

wasn't exactly the best at subtlety, he was more of the heavy hitter out of the heroes, that was a job better suited to Wilbur but unfortunately his musical brother wasn't around to help.

He had to admit that he was impressed by the runt, he could hear the sheer amount of chaos hammering against the walls of their home, if he looked out a window he was sure that all he would see would be destruction. Theseus had gotten a lot stronger, that thought almost made Techno smile. He composed himself quickly.

Footsteps caused the blade hero's ears to perk up, his hand tightened around his weapon, he didn't want to hurt Theseus but he had a feeling that his baby brother wasn't going to go down without a fight. Pacing his breath, he was a warrior he could do this, he turned the corridor towards the approaching footsteps and saw-

Phil?

His dad was leaning against the wall, a hand pressed against his side which seemed to have only recently stopped bleeding judging from the red that painted the hero's hand. A thin smile presented itself on his lips as he saw Techno, "Tech, mate, I'm not going to lie I thought you Theseus," He laughed humorlessly, "I thought he'd realised that he'd made a mistake and had come back to apologise."

Techno couldn't decide if he even wanted to know. But still, despite his better judgement, he asked with fake interest, "Did Theseus do that?" He gestured to the wound.

"I offered to let him finally become a hero," Phil replied as an answer, "That's what he always wanted and yet this is how he repays me."

Techno was starting to believe that Phil was an idiot, Theseus had made it pretty clear — at least as far as Techno was concerned — that he didn't want to be a hero anymore, that childhood dream had died along with a version of his baby brother that he could recognise.

"-That doesn't matter though," The blade hero hadn't even noticed that Phil had still been speaking, "I messaged Wilbur so he should hopefully be here soon to help too, once he

manages to wrestle about four villains off of him, but I'm glad I ran into you. Theseus won't listen to me."

An 'I wonder why' was on the tip of the blade hero's tongue but he bit it back. He was just as guilty as Phil, Theseus referring to him as his Lycomedes still stung at the back of his mind, he had a hand in his brother turning out this way. Techno was selfish though, deep down he knew that the wannabe villain was probably both safer and happier with The Dream Team, and he went and stood by Phil's side as he always had.

"-And then Niki showed up and was all girlboss and badass, y'know what she's like," Tommy laughed and Dream nodded away to ensure the avian that he was listening as they snuck around the corridors of the penthouse. The masked villain knew that they should be sneakier but that would require him telling Tommy to quieten down and he didn't think he could stand seeing the avian look at him like a kicked puppy so instead he elected to just keep a wary eye out and let the avian catch him up on what he'd missed.

"Be careful," The masked villain chided but without heat as he gestured to the broken glass on the floor, "I'm not picking glass out of your feet because you decide to not watch where you're going." That's a lie, of course, and even if he didn't then he knew that Sapnap or Ranboo or, ended, even George would probably do it.

Tommy stuck his tongue out at the masked villain, "Okay, *big brother*," He meant it to come out as teasing but there was sickening fondness that clung to his words causing the masked villain to drop his mother-hen act and immediately start cooing again.

"Shut the fuck up, let's just find your axe so we can get out of here," The avian whined, he hated how his baby bird brain was chirping away, reminding him that he was back with his *family* again. He managed to silence it by telling it that he could be fully reunited with everyone if he kept himself together long enough to get back to The Den.

He didn't need to see Dream's face to know the stupid smile that was probably plastered on his lips, still the masked villain nodded along, "I haven't seen it since I woke up here, worst comes to worst I can always leave without it." He didn't exactly want to leave without it, it was his main weapon after all but he didn't desperately need it.

“For planning our escape route I’m thinking we use the windows,” Tommy said casually, “I don’t know if I can carry you down from this height, despite my extremely strong muscles, but if we give Jack a warning beforehand then he can probably mold some earth to catch you.”

“I don’t know if I want to literally bet my life on a probably, Toms,” The masked villain replied, half-joking, if it was the only option he had then he trusted Tommy and he supposed that he trusted Jack too. He, moreso, trusted that George and Sapnap would beat the shit out of the demon if he let Dream fall to his death right in front of them. He was pretty sure that Jack liked being alive.

“Then I guess we just need to try and avoid it coming to that then, don’t we big man?”

Dream rolled his eyes although he knew it wouldn’t be visible to the teenager from under his mask. He didn’t exactly want to jump out of the window but he worried he might become the victim of Chekhov’s gun; something is being shown because it will be used later. He pushed the thought to the back of his mind.

He tuned back into the avian rambling about something random, he was pretty sure he heard Ranboo’s name mentioned, and the fond smile found itself curving back onto his lips again. He leaned over and ruffled Tommy’s hair, “You better not be spreading lies about Ranboo again.”

The avian had the audacity to look offended, “*Me?* Spread lies about Ranboob? I would never do such a thing!” Dream had countless examples he could use of the wannabe villain throwing his best friend (harmlessly) under the bus but he decided to stay quiet.

“For villains that are supposed to be sneaking around, you’re not very quiet, are you?”

Tommy froze on the spot, Dream could see the slight flinch he had before his entire body shut down momentarily, he was grateful for the mask because he didn’t want the avian to see the murderous look painting his features.

Fortunately, the avian seemed to regain control of himself pretty quickly, “And I thought Tubbo had knocked you out, pity it didn’t last that long,” He fired back, Dream decided to ask questions later, the venom dripping from Tommy’s tone didn’t go amiss by either men.

“I told you that you’d come home, Theseus.”

“Technically, you didn’t, you told me I’d come to you,” The avian replied easily, “This isn’t home, I don’t think it ever was.” Not since she left anyways but he didn’t voice that, he’d had enough trouble pushing his limits with her today.

Dream put a hand on Tommy’s shoulder and squeezed gently, trying to keep the avian grounded whilst he spoke to his once older brother, but he didn’t say anything. His eyes glaring daggers into the blade hero and he was certain that he didn’t need to take his mask off for Techno to see that.

Techno’s teeth gritted at Tommy’s words yet the avian didn’t falter if anything he simply made himself stand taller. “Theseus,” The blade hero drawled but unlike Phil’s there wasn’t a warning behind it, Tommy couldn’t read the emotion — Techno always had been the hardest for him to read.

“Tommy,” The wannabe villain corrected, a small sign of vulnerability, “Technoblade, I just want the axe, that’s all.” Dream only then noticed his weapon hanging from the blade hero’s belt. He’d been too distracted.

“You were scared of the dark,” Techno said instead, his features obscured he was nearly impossible to read, “Ever since we were kids. I didn’t know that.” The masked villain had been the one to tell him that during their first interrogation, he was surprised the blade hero even remembered it.

The avian’s wings puffed up in annoyance, or at least with the teenager trying to feign annoyance, “Technoblade, I just want to go home.” The axe was the only thing that had kept him from charging out of the front door of the penthouse, from smashing the window and jumping out, from escaping and going home.

“This is your home.” But it’s words didn’t hold as much conviction as before, sounding too oddly similar to a child having a tantrum.

Dream had enough. He flexed his fingers and his thin puppet strings went for the blade hero’s waist where his weapon was strung. As he predicted Techno was faster and his sword was drawn, able to slice through the string with ease but that hadn’t been his goal, Tommy shook his head and lunged at the blade hero. His knife remaining in its holster as he threw himself at the blade hero’s chest, it wasn’t enough to push Techno but it was enough to take him by surprise causing his movements to become sluggish if only for a moment.

The masked villain took that as his chance to get closer, his strings wrapping themselves around the wrists of the blade hero who struggled against them.

“Good work, Toms,” Dream praised because he was a little shit and wanted to make Techno jealous with the way the avian beamed. His attention turned to the blade hero with his free hand, he booped on the nose of the pig skull mask, “And you’re just an idiot.” He removed his weapon from Techno’s array — he also considered stealing one of the blade hero’s netherite swords as a parting gift.

“Oh dear, *Toms* , it does seem as if I was right. The villains really are a terrible influence on you,” Phil smiled overly sweetly as he used Dream’s nickname for the teenager, “First you stab me and then you help attack your own brother. I honestly had hoped that Wil would be here too for this but unfortunately your little *friends* have proven to be rather problematic.” His wings outstretched, wings that Tommy could remember finding beautiful, inky black, he’d once wished his wings were like that and a gust of wind came with it. The wind wrapping itself around the masked villain who Tommy had even realised had pushed himself in front of the teenager.

With Dream being held in Phil’s grasp the puppet strings dropped and Techno’s hands were free, however, he didn’t make a grab for Tommy. “I really did mean it when I said earlier that this has gone on for too long, Theseus,” Phil said, disappointment coating his words, “I understand an act of teenage rebellion but this is going further than throwing a tantrum.”

The masked villain snarled in the winged hero’s hold, “Toms, ignore him,” He took a deep breath, “Ignore him like he always ignored you.” The gushing wind from Phil’s wings tightened its grasp on the villain, clearly not impressed by Dream’s words.

The avian grinned at the villain, “C’mon, I stabbed the man because he told me to kill so that I could become a hero,” He laughed as if that was a particularly funny joke, “I’m not going to fall for this shit, not anymore.”

And Dream couldn’t be prouder.

Until Techno, finally, made a grab for Tommy. “That’s enough of that,” He murmured but once again his words held not conviction as he held the avian close to his chest, ignoring how the wannabe villain squirmed in his hold, “Behave, Tommy, it’s in your best interest.” The second part was said in more of a hushed tone, a warning.

But the avian refused to go back so with a wide grin, he pulled the button out of his pocket again and held it up. “Actually I think behaving is in *your* best interest.” His finger hovering over the button in a warning message.

Dream’s eyes widened as he saw the teenager was serious about the explosions, the threat was real and although he wasn’t concerned about himself. He couldn’t see another brother in a pool of blood, face-down, Dream unable to help him. He managed himself cradling Tommy in his arms too similar to how he had another, tears streaming down his face.

“Goddamnit, *Foolish*, don’t be an idiot,” He snapped before he could even register the words coming out of his mouth. Eyes widening in horror.

Chapter End Notes

Hello!!

Yeah, don't think there is any way for me to redeem Phil anymore so oops???

Techno maybe seeing that his dad's way isn't the best idea and how does everyone think that Tommy is going to react to Dream calling him Foolish? And any theories to how Foolish passed?

This chapter started as an excuse for fluff between discduo because I missed writing them being soft so much so extra softness!!

oh and phil referring to Techno and Wilbur by nicknames — Tech and Wil — but only ever referring to tommy with a nickname in a mocking/taunting manner is 100% deliberate

As always your kudos, comments, bookmarks and even just you reading is deeply appreciate!! I hope you all have a fantastic day!!

Until Next Time

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Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!